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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## DOROTHY.

You say that my love is plain,  
 But that I can ne'er allow,  
 When I look at the thought for others  
 That's written on her brow.  
 Her eyes are not fine, I own,  
 She hasn't a well-cut nose,  
 But a smile for others' pleasures,  
 And a tear for others' woes;  
 And yet I will own she's plain,  
 Plain to be understood,  
 For who could doubt that her nature  
 Is simple, and pure, and good?

You say that you think her slow,  
 But how can that be with one  
 Who's the first to do a kindness  
 Whenever it can be done?  
 Quick to perceive a want,  
 Quicker to set it right,  
 Quickest in over-looking  
 Injury, wrong, and slight?  
 And yet she is slow indeed,  
 Slow any praise to claim,  
 Slow to see faults in others,  
 Slow to give careless blame.

"Nothing to say for herself,"  
 That is the fault you find?  
 Hark to her words to the children,  
 Merry, and bright and kind.  
 Hark to her words to the sick,  
 Look at her patient ways,  
 Every word she utters  
 Speaks in the speaker's praise.  
 Nothing to say for herself!  
 Yet right, most right you are;  
 But plenty to say for others,  
 And that is better by far.

You say she is "commonplace,"  
 But there you make a mistake:  
 I would I could think she were so,  
 For other maidens' sake.  
 Purity, truth, and love,  
 Are they such common things?  
 If hers were a common nature  
 Women would all have wings.  
 Talent she may not have,  
 Beauty, nor wit, nor grace,  
 But until she's among the angels  
 She will not be "commonplace."

Good Words.

## THE FIRST TEAR.

On my darling's rosy cheek  
 A tear, delaying, seemed to say —  
 And would have said, if tear could speak —  
 "How shall I ever get away?"

For on that bright and velvet ground,  
 As yet untouched by Time or Care,  
 No track, no furrow could be found,  
 And so perforce it lingered there.

As dewdrop in the shining light  
 Of joyous summer's golden ray  
 Will fade and die on roseleaf bright,  
 And sink in gladness quite away,  
 So gently died my darling's tear,  
 By smiles and dimples chased away,  
 With no more thought of grief or fear,  
 Than dewdrop has of winter's day,  
 Dublin University Magazine.

From "Garden Poems."  
 THE GARDEN.

BY PROF. DOWDEN.

On the town's edge there is a garden full  
 Of loneliness and old greenery; at noon,  
 When birds are hush'd save one dim cushat's  
 croon,  
 A ripen'd silence hangs beneath the cool  
 Great branches; basking roses dream, and drop  
 A petal, and dream still; and summer's boon  
 Of mellow grasses, to be levell'd soon  
 By a dew-drench'd scythe, will hardly stop  
 At the uprunning mounds of chestnut trees.  
 This garden next my heart I bear by day,  
 And know all night in dusky placidness  
 It lies beneath the summer, while great ease  
 Broods in the leaves, and every light wind's  
 stress  
 Lifts some faint odour down a verdurous way

## THE BIRD.

"That was the thrush's last good night," I  
 said,  
 And heard the soft descent of summer rain  
 In the drooped garden leaves; but, hush! again  
 The perfect iterance, unsolicited.  
 Freelier have never woodland breezes shed  
 Their viewless gifts; yet seems the lavish'd  
 strain  
 To poise, self-charmed as chaliced waters, faint  
 Ever to circle in one dusk well-head.  
 Full-throated singer! art thou thus anew  
 Voiceful to hear how round thyself alone  
 The enriched silence drops for thy delight,  
 More soft than snow, more sweet than honey-  
 dew?  
 Now cease; the last, faint, western streak is  
 gone;  
 Stir not the blissful quiet of the night.

From Dark Blue.  
BROWNING AS A PREACHER.

## FIRST PAPER.

"L'ART POUR L'ART" is a motto that supplies us with a very satisfactory definition of the aim and purport of the poetry of those early times when men, not having lost their fresh childlike rejoicing in the present, sang — if they had the power to sing — aimlessly "wie der Vogel singt," just only because

Das Lied das aus der Kehle dringt  
Ist Lohn der reichlich lohnnet.

But every year is now carrying us farther away from a state of things in which it is possible that there should be produced poetry of the kind to which this definition is applicable. The great flood of subjectivity which has made its way into all modern thought has brought with it problems pressing for answer in such a crowd as to leave no room for thinking or feeling to be exercised unconsciously and without purpose. Of the poets now writing amongst us we cannot say that their work is "pour l'art." In the generation immediately preceding theirs there was, indeed, one poet — Scott — who contrived to keep himself apart, as on an island, untouched by the waves of restless subjective thought that had come over the intellectual life of his age, and who retained the power of purposeless poetical utterance. But has there been produced, since his, any poetry seeking no further office than to become a beautiful or noble piece of art? Does not all, or by far the greater part of that which is of recent origin, seem to be sent forth for the purpose of gaining satisfaction of one kind or another for the craving self-consciousness of the writers, and of their contemporaries who are to share in the results of their quest? Poetry, like every other power which man has at command, has now been forced to take its part in supplying the two great wants, Pleasure and Truth — which, little felt in simple primitive times, become passionately urgent in a state of high civilization and culture. We have not now — and probably the world will never have again — poets who are poets and nothing more. What we have now is truth-seek-

ers and pleasure-seekers gifted with the power of artistic perception and imagination, of rhythmical or melodious expression, and using these gifts to seek what without them they would have sought by other means.

The school of thought which is content to regard pleasure as the satisfaction for which all desires are craving, uses its poetry to go forth and bring in full richness of pleasures; careless, if only there can be found in them beauty and delight, from whence they come and of what sort they are. Not the value of a man's work as art, but the power it has to awaken in writer or readers a stronger susceptibility to pleasure of sense or imagination, is here the measure of his success. There is a great deal of poetry which seems on its surface to be altogether the free playing of spontaneous instincts, but which we find, if we look a little deeper into it, to have at bottom the principle of utilitarianism, not of art.

Nor can the men whose desires are towards the satisfaction of truth be poets more unconscious of a purpose. To find that satisfaction for themselves and for others is the aim towards which all their faculties are bent, and in proportion as their search is successful these men become teachers and preachers. The poet on whose characteristics the following pages will contain a few thoughts — Mr. Robert Browning — is one whose gifts as a poet, strong and true as they are, are perhaps oftener than any contemporary artist's, merged in his character as preacher of what he has gained as a truth-seeker. I cannot but think that the full value of his work can only be estimated by recognizing him first in his office of preacher rather than of poet.

Any reader who has had patience enough to force his way through the bristling hedge of complicated sentences that forms so much of the outer fence of Browning's writings, and has gone in and got hold of intelligible meaning, must surely perceive that he has to do with something which cannot be judged of by æsthetic tests. We feel that what is to be found there is the work of a man who is bound by all the impulses of his nature to

preach what he believes and to persuade other men. He seems to have chosen the office of poet voluntarily, for the sake of this preaching; partly because the rhythmic form of words will carry his doctrine where it might not otherwise reach and partly because amongst the truths he would set forth there are some which are of the kind that to men's present faculties must be always only as sights half seen, as sounds half heard, and which become dimmer and fainter if the attempt is made to define them into the accurate form and articulate speech of ordinary prose. Browning's place is amongst the teachers whose words come forth allowed by their own conscious will; not amongst the artists controlled by involuntary instincts.

His poetry is not a great artist utterance that has fulfilled its end—or at least the only end with which the artist is concerned—when once it has got outside the mind in which it originated into audible sound or, visible form, whether that sound be heard or that form be seen or not; but it is a message intended to travel (the sender hardly cares *how*, provided that the end be reached) from the heart and brain of one man to the hearts and brains of those who will hear him. The necessity that is laid upon him, through his instincts, is the "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren;" and the setting himself to his work as a poet seems to be his choice of the way in which he will obey that impulse. Not for his own sake does poetry seem to be a necessity to him. As far as his own needs are concerned, such a man could afford to be silent. It is neither for the relief nor for the pleasure of self-utterance that he speaks. Nothing that he has written betokens the weakness and incapacity of reticence that have opened the mouths of so many poets in a great strong bitter crying, which they tuned into beautiful music whose sweetness might ease them of their pain. Nor has he that irrepressible joy in beauty for its own sake which forced Wordsworth to tell of the loveliness of the visible world.

And we cannot attribute his becoming a poet to the pressure of dramatic instincts. Though in power of imagining dramatic

characters it is he and he only who at all fills the office of modern Shakespeare, yet there is something in his manner of exercising that power which tells us that in him it is subordinate to some other motive. This difference there is between Browning and other poets who could create "men and women," that whereas with others the production of life-like characters seem to be the aim and end, with him it is only the means to a further end—namely, the arguing out and setting forth of general truths. He cannot as others have done, rest satisfied with contemplating the children of his imagination, and find the fulfilment of his aim in the fact of his having given them existence. It seems always as if his purpose in creating them was to make them serve as questioners and objectors and answerers in the great debate of conflicting thoughts of which nearly all his poetry forms part. His object in transferring (as he can do with such marvellous success) his own consciousness, as it were, into the consciousness of some imagined character, seems to be only to gain a new stand-point, from which to see another and a different aspect of the questions concerning which he could not wholly satisfy himself from his own point of view. He can create characters with as strongly marked individualities as had ever any that came out of the brain of dramatist or novelist, but he cannot be content to leave them, as Shakespeare did the characters he created, to look, all of them, off in various directions according to whatever chanced to suit best with the temper and disposition he had imagined for them. Still less can he leave to any of his men and women the *vraisemblable* attribute of having no steady outlook at anything in particular. They are all placed by him with their eyes turned in very much in the same direction, gazing towards the same class of questions. And, somehow, Browning himself seems to be in company with them all the time, hearing their different reports of the various aspects which those questions present to each of them; and judging and choosing between all these different reports, in order to give credence to the true one. The study of no individual character would seem to him of much value, unless

that character contained something which should help to throw light upon matters common to all humanity, upon the questions either as to what it *is*, or as to what are its relations to the things outside humanity. Desire to know the truth, and to make other men know it, seems to be the essential quality of his nature, and his poetry only its separable accident — a garment which it wears because it finds such best suited to it in the nineteenth century, but which it might very likely have gone without, if placed among the surroundings of some other age. If we can fancy him transferred back some five hundred years ago, he would be found surely not among the followers of the "gaye science," as a *trouvère* or *troubadour*, exercising his art to give pleasure at the court or the knightly castle, but rather in the solitude of a monastic cell, gazing with fixed eyes into the things of the unseen world, until they became the real, and the shows of earth the unreal, things; or, later on, would surely have been a worker, not in the cause of the great art revival of the sixteenth century but of its Reformation movement. One can fancy how grandly he would then have preached his gospel of the sanctity of things secular, in rough plain Luther-like prose, with the same singleness of purpose with which he now, as a poet, sets himself to preach a gospel — needed more than all others by his contemporaries — of the reality and presence of things immaterial and extra-human.

Browning's poetry has one characteristic which gives its teaching peculiar influence over contemporary minds. I mean the way in which, all the while being perfectly free from egoism, it brings its readers in some inexplicable way into a contact with the real self of the author, closer and more direct than that which we have with any other poets through their writings. Once you succeed in construing the complicated thinking and feeling of this or that passage of his, you feel, not that you are seeing something that a man has made, but that you are in the immediate presence of the man himself. I know of no other writings (except J. H. Newman's) having this peculiarity to such a degree (it is in this that the secret of the fascination of those won-

wonderful sermons of Newman's consists). These two men, so different, have yet this in common, that there is something in their written words which communicates to the men who read them the thrill of contact with the pulsations of another human life. And the knowledge that there is the real living mind of another man speaking to your mind, gives a restful sense of reality that is the starting-point of all belief and of all motive to action. Surely anyone who has received this from Browning must feel as if there would be a miserable ingratitude in the sort of criticism which should carp at his poetry for its lack of polish in style or prettiness in ideas.

Browning is greater than his art, and the best work which his poetry does is to bring you into his own presence: and once there you no longer care what brought you there, and feel as if it mattered very little whether the means of communication had been poetry or other form of words. Tennyson's art is greater than Tennyson; and it is with *it*, and not with the man himself, that you have to do.

Of course, though Tennyson can have no direct influence as a teacher over anyone who feels thus about him and his work, yet his indirect influence over the minds of men is not to be lightly accounted of. His poetry is what it *is*, and may be accepted by us as we accept a beautiful painting or piece of music, as an end in itself. Acting through our æsthetic perceptions, it affects the tone and colour of our moods. And most of us know by experience that the character of our thinking is in a great measure dependent upon moods and feelings open to impressions of this sort. It is of course no slight gift that Mr. Tennyson has given to his contemporaries when he has shown them ideas so pure and calm and noble, by the contemplation of which their own lives may unconsciously become purer and higher.

Acknowledging this influence that he *has*, and giving him due honour for it, all I would say is that there is another kind of influence which he cannot exercise, and that his poetry, though making nineteenth century problems so constantly its theme, is not to be reckoned amongst the books

that give any real availing help against the modern "spectres of the mind." To the needs of vital doubt it is no more than if it told us tales of fairy-land. And this because of its failing to give us that entire satisfaction as to its being truth *subjective*, which alone could be our guarantee for its being able to help in guiding us to truth *objective*. In the times when neither our hearts nor brains can get hold of the sense of reality in anything around us, we find that instead of aiding us "aus diesem Meer des Irrthums aufzutauchen," all that Tennyson's poetry seems to have done for us is to have made a beautiful word-phantom, having a semblance of wise human counsel, to add another to the number of the appearances that with aspects beautiful or horrible are floating over and under and around us, and perpetually eluding our grasp. Far more is to be gained at such times from poetry even such as Clough's, which, though it carries you to no farther resting-place, at least lets you take hold of one substantial thing—the veritable mind of a human being, doubting with its own doubts and having its certainties its own, each of those certainties, however few and imperfect, having a distinct place as independent testimony to truth.

Browning brings from out of his own individuality something which he did not receive from his age, and which he offers to it as a gift, and which is of a spirit so foreign to the atmosphere into which it comes that he requires men to accept him as a teacher before attaining to sympathy with him. This that he has to give is some of the intense earnestness of Puritanism, and the strenuousness of effort which gave heroic grandeur to the old asceticism. He offers this to a state of society, which along with all its practical vigour and perseverance in the affairs of men's outer lives, has so much of aimlessness and abandonment of self-direction in all that concerns the life of inner thought and feeling.

Other men of present and recent times have had a like gift to bestow, but their manner of giving it was such as to make its acceptance for the most part impossible. J. H. Newman and the company of men who, with him, were the Puritans and ascetics of the nineteenth century, have gained no permanent influence as teachers of their age. Teachers of their age, indeed, they did not attempt to be, but only of whoever should be willing to betake himself out of it back into mediæval modes of thought; and with the thoughts

and difficulties of the men who refused to do this, they either could not or would not sympathize nor have anything to do. Hence, the vigour and thoroughness of their own individual lives was able only very partially to affect the thinking and feeling of the world around them. But Browning undertakes the work which they would not attempt. The chief glory of his labour is that he has taken so much of what was good in the old Puritan spirit, and has brought it into harmony with the wider knowledge and larger life of later times. He devises for the fixedness of moral purpose and power of asceticism, which are the inherent characteristics of his own nature, another and a worthier use than the uses which in old times men had been wont to make them serve. He sees in moral fixedness a means that may be used not to check intellectual advance, but to help it forward by steadying its aim; and he finds that asceticism is capable of becoming, from having been the old monkish discipline of repression, the nobler *ἀσκησις* of the mental athlete, which is to prepare him for strenuous exertions whereby all parts of his human nature may develop themselves to the full.

The idea of a struggle and a wrestling in which the *wills* of men are to be engaged—the central idea of early and mediæval Christian thought—is recognized fully and distinctly by Browning in all that he has written. He holds that men's business in this world is labour and strife and conquest, and not merely free unconscious growth and harmonious development. He differs thoroughly from the modern thinking, which sees no moral evil distinct from and antagonistic to good; and again and again, directly or indirectly, his poems let us see how wide is his separation, both in belief and feeling, from the many poets of these present days, who have returned to the idea round which the old Greek poetry had all revolved, of the powerlessness of man's will and the drifting of his life before an unalterable destiny. In a recent criticism on Tennyson's and Browning's characteristics,\* Browning is distinguished as being pre-eminently the poet of impulse. This he doubtless is, but it seems to me that his *chief* point of difference from the majority of modern poets, is his being emphatically the poet of the will.

That this is the characteristic feature of

\* Professor Dowden's lecture on "Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning," *The Dublin Afternoon Lectures on Literature and Art* (1867-68). London: Bell & Daldy.



his poetry strikes one most forcibly if one chances to take up a volume of it immediately after reading his contemporary Matthew Arnold's sufficiently to have let one's mood take the impress of his. The transition from the one man's conception of life to that of the other seems like the waking from one of those nightmare dreams in which we have the sense of being for ever passive (all the while struggling in vain not to be) under some Compelling that is horrible and yet mockingly sweet; to find ourselves restored from this to the wide-awake state of things, in which we regain the consciousness of freedom of action.

There is much in which he makes common cause with J. H. Newman and the men who were imbued with his spirit. They and Browning alike realize the individuality of each human life, and the struggle which is for each man a separate work to be entered into by his self-determined will, and feel the intense mysteriousness of human personality. And they may be classed together as protesters against nineteenth-centuryism — the habit of thought which makes so little account of these things. The question on which they part company is the question as to whether the impulses which men find within them are to be opposed by their wills as enemies, or to be accepted by them as allies in the struggle that has to be engaged in.

While, on the one hand, by Newman and those like-minded with him, the only guide internal to man which is acknowledged as having the authority of a voice from the invisible world, is the conscience — the sense of a law binding to the doing of one sort of actions and the refraining from another sort (the law by making its presence thus felt being in itself evidence for its giver); by Browning, on the other hand, *other mental phenomena* to be found in human nature are accepted, as having first their intellectual significance as evidences "whence a world of spirit as of sense" is made plain to us, and afterwards their moral uses in raising us from the world of sense into the world of spirit.

Our human impulses towards knowledge, towards beauty, towards love — all these impulses, the feeling of which is common in various degrees to all men, and the expression of which by some few among them is Art — are revered by him as the signs and tokens of a world not included in that which meets our senses, as the

Intuitions, grasps of guess,  
That pull the more into the less,  
Making the finite comprehend  
Infinity.

— not of course that Browning does not also recognize the evidential force of conscience as an internal witness, but still, I think, it is *chiefly* in the human impulses which in the world of sense are never satisfied, that he considers the subjective evidence for the spirit world to lie.

And from this difference in the grounds of his and Newman's beliefs there results a difference in their whole conception of man's life and its aims. The part of human nature which alone Newman will acknowledge as a divine guide is a part which in itself furnishes no principle of growth or progress (the conscience being only a power capable of restraining and directing), and the ideal life in this world is therefore, according to him, only a state of *waiting*, a walking warily in obedience, until some other state shall be reached in which man shall be in a condition to begin growth. According to him the business of the earthly life is only to get safely out of it as out of an enemy's country.

And as a natural result of his theory of the earthly life, we find that Newman, even with all his vivid perception of each human soul's individual existence, becomes unable to sympathize with *diversities* of individuality: no scope for human diversities being allowed by the theory which sets all men to the same sort of work — the mere work of escaping (each with his unused individualities) to some future condition in which life, in the sense of an active and growing state, may begin.

But Browning, on the other hand, having taken all the higher human impulses and aspirations to be evidences whereby we discern an order of things extending beyond the world of which sense is cognizant, becomes able to conceive of the life that now is, as a condition, not of mere waiting and watching — not as a struggle only on the *defensive* against evil, in which safety is the only kind of success sought for — but as a state in which growth and progress are to be things of the present — in which the struggle is to be for acquisition and not alone for defence. His recognition of impulse as a guide to be accounted divine, makes him recognize human nature as being furnished with means of self-evolving growth and action, and not merely of obedience to laws given from without.

Browning's theory of human impulse re-

moves him from a sort of asceticism which he would doubtless have been capable of exercising (if his judgment had decided in favour of it) as unflinchingly and as fiercely as mediæval monk or modern ascetic, such as Newman or Faber. He, like them, could have preached and practised the restraining of human feelings and hopes, and the reducing of life to a toilsomely-maintained condition of high-wrought quiescence. He is too entirely filled with the sense of the resolute human will to have ever let himself be driven along, Swinburne-like, by mighty art impulses. He would have been able to separate his thinking wholly from their influences, had it not been that he had deliberately accepted them as guides which ought to be followed. The moral half of him is stronger than the æsthetic; and the stronger could have crushed out the weaker if it had not chosen to yield it willing honour. A mind such as his is solitary and ascetic in its natural temperament; yet by his creed Browning gains catholicity of thought and of interests. Wide sympathy with dissimilar types of human character would be a thing not to be looked for in a thinker who realizes so intensely the mysteries of his own individual existence, if it had not been that he had taken those very things in which their dissimilarity lies—their multiform impulses—as the many witnesses for the same truths, each witness requiring to be understood by a reverent and appreciative sympathy. To a man whose whole soul could be absorbed by the vividly realized vision of an Easter Day, desires such as Abt Vogler's towards ideal beauty of sound; as those of Paracelsus towards knowledge; of Aprile towards love; and the restless battle-ardour of Luria, would seem trivial, and not worthy of detaining the eyes to search into them and analyze their peculiarities, were it not for his belief that in all such desires an infinite meaning could be discerned; and that they were the varying pledges, given to various human beings, of the individual immortality of each. From this his belief there follows a wide development of human sympathy which has a peculiar value, because of its not being the expression of naturally gregarious tendencies, but of an originally self-concentrated nature, transferring, as it were, its own consciousness, with all its intensity, into the diverse human individualities that come under its notice.

\* Very wide indeed is this sympathy. All human feelings and aspirations become

precious in Browning's eyes, not for what they are, but for what they point to. He becomes capable of seeing a *grandeur* (potential though not actual) in human aims whose aspect would be, to careless unsympathizing eyes, ridiculous rather than sublime. For instance, the instinctive craving after perfection and accuracy, which had for its only visible result the expending of the energies of a lifetime on the task of determining the exact force and functions of Greek particles, is treated by Browning, in that very noble poem of his, "The Grammarian's Funeral," with no contemptuous pity, but is honoured as being a pledge of the limitless future, which, lying before all human workers, renders it unnecessary that a man should slur over the minutæ of his work hastily, in the endeavour to compress into a lifetime all that he aims at accomplishing.

The sort of asceticism which Browning's theory of impulse makes impossible to him, is that which fears to let the senses enjoy the whole fullness of earthly beauty, and seeks to narrow and enfeeble the affections, and to stifle men's noble ambitions. Yet his poetry keeps for its characteristic spirit that other asceticism which implies the using of the world's material beauty and human passion, not as ends in themselves, but as means whereby man's spirit may reach to the heights above them, there to find new steps by which to ascend. He counsels no abstinence from beauty for the senses, but it is to be to men not as a banquet, but as a draught which will give them strength for labour, the fuller the draught the greater the strength. He, more than any other poet, has ever present with him these two ideas: that the world—the material and the human—contains what is "very good;" and also that "the fashion of this world passeth away." His noble christianized Platonism takes "all partial beauty as a pledge of beauty in its plenitude." His mood the pledge never wholly suffices. The earth is to him "God's ante-chamber"—God's, not a devil's—yet still only an ante-chamber.

Asceticism of this kind is the great glory of his doctrine as a *preacher*. It may be that, considering him solely as a poet, he loses somewhat by it. One sort of beauty there is of which it deprives his work, however great may be the compensating gains. This is the artistic beauty of pathos, of which Browning's poetry is wholly or, almost wholly, devoid. There are two kinds of pathos lying on opposite sides of the position which Browning oc-

cupies as a thinker. One of these is the pathos of mediæval art, and the other the pathos of pagan art. And with neither of these has he anything to do. The old ascetic conception of the earthly life gives a strange yearning tenderness, infinitely pathetic, to the manner in which the early and mediæval hymn writers and the modern mediævallists, Newman and Faber, look onward as if from out of a desert or an enemy's country to the far-off unseen world—their "Urbs Beata Jerusalem," their "Paradise," their "Calm land beyond the sea." But Browning has no need nor room for pathos of this sort: the tender "Heimweh" of this has no place amongst his feelings. He does not image to himself the life after death as a *home*, in the sense of a state that shall be rested in and never exchanged for a higher. He conceives of it as differing from the life that now is, not in permanency, but in elevation and in increase of capacities. And the earth has its own especial glory, which he will not overlook, of being first of an infinite series of ascending stages, showing even now, in the beauty and love that is abroad in it, the tokens of the visitings of God's free spirit.

The feeling which we commonly call *pathos* seems, when one analyzes it, to arise out of a perception of grand incongruities—filling a place in one class of our ideas corresponding to that in another in which the sense of the ludicrous is placed by Locke. And this pathos was attained by mediæval asceticism through its habit of dwarfing into insignificance the earthly life and its belongings, and setting the meanness and wretchedness which it attributed to it in contrast to the far-off vision of glory and greatness. But by Browning no such incongruity is recognized between what is and what shall be.

Another sort of pathos—the Pagan—is equally impossible to him. This is the sort which results from a full realizing of the joy and the beauty of the earth, and the nobleness of men's lives on it; and from seeing a grand inexplicableness in the incongruity between the brightness of these and the darkness which lies at either end of them—the infinite contradiction between actual greatness and the apparent nothingness of its whence and whither—the mystery of strong and beautiful impulses finding no adequate outcome now, nor promise of ever finding it hereafter—human passion kindling into light and glow, only to burn itself out into ashes—the struggle kept up by the will of successive generations against Fate, ever be-

ginning and ever ending in defeat, to recommence as vainly as before—the never-answered "Why?" uttered unceasingly in myriad tones from out all human life.

The poetry of the Greeks gained from the contemplation of these things a pathos, which, however gladly a Christian poet may forego such gain for his art, was in its sadness inexpressibly beautiful. The *Iliad* had a deep under-current of it even in the midst of all its healthy childlike objectivity; and it was ever present amongst the great tragedians' introspective analyzings of humanity.

High art of later times has for the most part retained this pagan beauty. Though there is no reason to think that there was any paganism in Shakespeare's creed, yet we cannot help feeling that, whether the cause is to be sought in his individual genius or in Renaissance influences, the spirit of his art is in many respects pagan. In his great tragedies he traces the workings of noble or lovely human character on to the point—and no further—where they disappear into the darkness of death; and ends with a look *back*, never on towards anything beyond. His sternly truthful realism will not, of course, allow him to attempt a shallow poetical justice, and mete out to each of his men and women the portion of earthly good which might seem their due: and his artistic instincts—positive rather than speculative—prefer the majesty and infinite sadness of unexplainedness to any attempt to look on towards a future solution of hard riddles in human fates. "King Lear," for instance, is pathetic because of its paganism; and would be spoiled, or at all events changed into something quite different, by the introduction of any Christian hope. One of the chief artistic effects of the story is the incongruity between the wealth of devotion poured out by Cordelia's impulses of love and the dreary nothingness in which those beautiful impulses end. If there was anything in it to leave with us the impression that this was *not* the end of all, and that this expenditure of love was not in vain, but had its results yet to come, the story could not call forth in us an emotion of such keen and tender pity. And in this tragedy, as in Shakespeare's others, one of its greatest effects, as art, is produced by the idea which had acted so mightily on the minds of old Greek poets—the powerlessness of man's moral agency against his destiny. Hamlet, for instance, ends in accomplishing nothing of what he has set before him as his aim. Something, over and above his own irres-

oluteness is hindering him. He becomes, through no fault of his, the murderer of a harmless old man, and breaks the innocent young heart of Ophelia, becoming to her another link in the chain of involuntary evil, and being the cause of her unconscious sin of self-destruction. (It is as sin that Shakespeare regards Ophelia's suicide; and this paradox of his, of guilt without moral volition is thoroughly Greek — akin, e.g. to the tragic aspect of the crime of *Œdipus*.)

So too, in *Othello*'s character, there is no lack of noble impulses; yet they are productive of no results. His fate, taking advantage of the one vulnerable part of his nature, impels him to the destruction of all his happiness by the murder of *Desdemona*. And the artist breaks off, taking the murdered and the murderer out of our sight, and leaving with us only the impression of the irreparableness of the deed, and of the mysteriousness and inevitableness of the innocent suffering and almost involuntary guilt that came upon two human creatures. The effect of the tragedies depends upon the total absence in them of anything which might suggest the possibility of a future answer to the great "Wherefore?" which their endings evoke from our hearts. Their pathos arises out of their tacit exclusion of hope.\*

The contrast between the spirit (apart of course from any thought as to the relative poetical rank) of Shakespeare's tragedies, and of Mr. Browning's greatest tragic work, "*The Ring and the Book*," is very striking. The impression which the latter leaves upon the reader's mind is that of a great solemn looking forward, which absorbs into itself all emotions of pity that might have been awakened by *Pompilia*'s innocent suffering and *Caponasocchi*'s love; and which mitigates the hatred which we must feel for *Guido*, by the thought that even for him a far-off possible good may be waiting. The spirit of Shakespeare's tragic art (however much the form may differ from the classical) has much of the sort of complete-

ness which was characteristic of Greek art. There is no suggestiveness in it of a state of things out of the reach of his art, and therefore he allows you to feel to the full (as far as you are able) any emotion which the character and circumstances of his dramatic creations should properly give rise to. When once he has shaped and fashioned his men and women, he leaves them with you — fixed as a sculptor might leave his work — in attitudes which appeal perpetually to one or other of your human feelings, with no indication of such attitudes not being the only possible ones in which they might appear. But Browning never completes, or would have his readers complete, the emotions called forth by his dramatic art. He checks them, while as yet only half realized, by his perpetual suggestiveness that what his art represents is only a portion of a great unknown whole, without knowing, which neither he nor you can determine, what the feelings with which you regard the portion ought to be. Considering, as he does, every human life as only a glimpse of a beginning, its minglings of greatness and imperfection have not for him the same aspect of pathetic mysterious paradox which they have for those poets who, either from their creed or from their *þȝoc* regard it as a rounded whole.

The absence of any pagan spirit in Browning's writings deprives them also of a sort of beauty that belongs to so much of the modern poetry of external nature. Paganism is the source whence many poets have drawn their adoration of that loveliness of the earth — serene and terrible, outlasting and unmoved by human struggles. When these men behold the infinity of her beauty, they merge in their adoration of it all dissatisfactions with human life; attaining to one kind of intellectual repose, by giving up hope to find satisfaction for thought or moral feeling, and by taking instead, for solace, the unmeasured pleasure of æsthetic preception.

Shelley's creed, taking the visible world for its all in all, has for its product the intense vividness with which he perceives the richness and glory of the sights of that world. He looks *at*, rests *in*, the beauty that he sees; and it becomes more to him than it can be even to Wordsworth, who, with all his devotion to external nature, looked *through* rather than *at* her. And Shelley's poetry derives its strange intangible pathos from its having all this æsthetic brightness to set in contrast over against the darkness that surrounds those "obstinate questionings"

\* There is an analogy between the poetry of ancient and modern paganism, and some of the greatest poems in the modern art — music. The spirit which seems to pervade Beethoven's is essentially pagan. He is the great musical poet of unanswered seeking. There is joyousness enough in his music to contrast with its tones of mighty *Faust*-like despair; but I have never heard a passage of it that suggested emotions of hope or deep restful happiness. Outside the world in which Beethoven and his art move, there is for him only a "dim gray lampless world." Outside the world of Mendelssohn, however, who is no pagan, there is an infinite encircling love, to which he sings his "*Lobgesang*." He seeks — and finds.

from *within*, which again and again, in spite of his own desire, distract his mind from its joyous vision of what is without. And there is a sort of passionate grasping, clutching rather, at the light of the sun, and all the sights and sounds and fragrances of the earth, which belongs especially to pagan poetry, ancient or modern, and which tells of a prizing of these things not for their own mere beauty's sake, but chiefly because in the perception of them *life* is implied, and the separation from them means extinction and dark nothingness. This idea, so all-pervading in the old Greek feeling for external nature, finds in our own days its chief exponent in Swinburne. I know of nothing in contemporary poetry that is so supremely pathetic as the perpetual alternations in those wonderful choruses in his "Atlanta in Calydon," between a wild revelling in the freshness and exuberant gladness of the earth, in the rush of her joyance, when —

"in green underwood and cover,  
Blossom by blossom the spring begins" —

and a wailing lamentation over the life of man who has for his portion on the earth

"light in his ways,  
And love and space for delight,  
And beauty and length of days,  
And night and sleep in the night."

Yet whose doom is only to abide there during a brief space, knowing neither content nor hope.

"His speech is a burning fire,  
With his lips he travaileth,  
In his heart is a blind desire,  
In his eyes fore-knowledge of death,  
He weaves, and is clothed with derision,  
Sows, and he shall not reap;  
His life is a watch or a vision,  
Between a sleep and a sleep."

The poem of "Atlanta" is of course a direct utterance of *modern* paganism, and not merely expressive of historical sympathy with *ancient*; and is a specimen, most perfect of its kind, of that æsthetic beauty of which Browning's poetry is rendered incapable by the creed in which his strong, earnest mind, never able to rest without getting down into the realities that underlie the visible surface of things, finds the substantial reality that it seeks.

Yet it may indeed be that the feeling gained by Browning's onward gaze of expectation is higher, even if considered purely as an *artist's* feeling, than that of the wistful pathos that comes to other poets through their sense of a seeking baffled

alike behind and before. And it may be that our inability instantly to recognize it as higher, is because of our having, although contemporaries with Browning, lagged behind him in thought and aspiration; and not having as yet attained to the conception towards which his poetry reaches in its beautiful imperfect grandeur, of a Christianity and Art — nowhere destructive of each other — two parts of one great Revelation.

#### SECOND PAPER.

THE first part of this essay was occupied with an attempt to define some aspects of Mr. Browning's position amongst contemporary poets; and the tone and temper in which his poetry enters upon one of its functions — preaching — (this word I used advisedly as better befitting poetry than the term *teaching*). His art and his preaching are, indeed, inextricably interwoven in all his writings; and the result of an endeavour to abstract either one or other from the whole, must of course be unsatisfactory; nevertheless, in some measure I must aim at tracing one or two of his characteristics as preacher, to their expression in some of his sermons. Within a space so limited, I can only allude to a very few poems: a thorough analysis of any, would be, one need hardly say, useless to attempt. "Easter-day" is perhaps of all others, the most strikingly illustrative of the Browning peculiarities, the one which least of all could have been the work of any other man. Viewed side by side with his "Christmas-eve," it is, one feels, the more difficult of apprehension: it seems more complex in meaning, and full of subtle transitions of thought and mood. It is possible to a certain extent to content ourselves with an interpretation of "Christmas-eve," but the other poem seems to grow with each successive reading; and by newly perceived connections of thought or feeling, to modify our old exegeses. One feels that one is admitted more immediately in this, into the mysterious presence of a human mind. The impression one gets from comparison of the two poems is that the whole of the vivid artist and man-consciousness of which the "Easter-day" is a product, is not brought into action in the formation of the poem of "Christmas-eve;" and in this latter there is less absolute demand than in the other, that his readers should have some degree of intellectual and moral affinity with the writer.



Granting that there is this difference in the poems, we may perhaps discern a reason for it in the difference of the subjects which occupy them; the subject dealt with in "Christmas-eve," belonging to the region of matters practical—that of "Easter-day" extending into the speculative.

Vigorous and clear-sighted though Browning is in his dealings with these former, it is in a speculative region only that the full force of his nature seems to develop itself in that passionate pressing on after substantial reality of *some sort* or other—whether good or evil, at least *truth*—which is the ultimate attitude of all his intellectual and emotional action.

"Christmas-eve" starts from beliefs, which it takes for granted concerning the relations of humanity to an unseen spiritual world. It belongs to the world of intercourse with our fellow men, a region where our beliefs are certainties, or as good as certainties. The question it treats of is one *within* the Christian Church. The lesson it gives is a practical one of broad charity and tolerance, a tolerance which, resulting out of the love to be learned by contemplation of the Human-Divine love, is to be able to overcome all intellectual variances and fastidious repugnances of taste. There is wrought out in the poem the grand feeling of a brotherhood, including within its comprehensive hold the manifold varieties of human lives. Browning by his deep digging into humanity, finds essential root-union, where Matthew Arnold with his languid scratching at the surface, finds only dissimilarities forbidding sympathy. He unites himself and us with the men and women of the Zion Chapel meeting, whose portraits he places before his readers in terms so grotesquely graphic,—omitting no offensive detail to render them thoroughly life-like; and effectually preventing any mere æsthetic sentiment from being the basis of our Christian charity. The absence of sweetness and light, and the presence of certain repulsive characteristics (there is a vein of humour akin to Dickens's, in the way in which these are individualized), in the "preaching-man," alike, and in the flock that sat under the "pig-of-lead-like pressure," of his "immense stupidity," are things that Browning insists on our realizing to the full. Then, over the disgust awakened in us, he gains and makes us gain, as the poem proceeds, a victory sublime, both as ethics and as art. (I said in the earlier pages of this essay, that Browning had no *pathos*—no sense of grand incongruities; I retract:—this is

what one might call an *inverted pathos*. The unlooked-for discovery that the reality is nobler than the appearance, is the pathos belonging to Browning, and, to Christianity; just as the finding truth to be smaller and meaner than illusion, had been the pathos of Paganism). "Christmas-eve" unites us, also, with the crowd of ignorant worshippers in Rome at the "raree show of Peter's successor," who (typical of a multitude in all sections of the Church), remain in the days when the "world's eyes are open"

Peevish as ever to be suckled,  
Lulled by the same old baby prattle,  
With intermixture of the rattle;

and with the Göttingen professor who, with an inconsistency nobler than his logic, retains the *feeling* of faith in and love for what his reason has reduced to a myth. (Were it not that this paper must abstain from reviewing Browning as an artist, I would notice as a specimen of his power as a portrait painter, the way in which with a few vigorous touches he sets before us the whole "*personnel*" outer and inner, of this "virgin-minded studious martyr to mild enthusiasm.") The poem has its culminating idea in the grand trust that can say—

"—Subsisteth ever  
God's care above, and I exult  
That God, by God's own ways occult  
May—doth I will believe—bring back  
All wanderers to a single track."

Browning lets us see clearly what the nature of this feeling of brotherhood is; and guards jealously against any possibility of confounding it with "mild indifference" or "lazy glow of benevolence over the various modes of man's beliefs." He makes no attempt to harmonize the different creeds and tempers of religious feeling, by the modern method of eliminating the peculiarities of each as non-essentials. He, on the contrary, insists that what constitutes each man's earthly care, is to "strive—to find some one chief way of worship, and contrive" that his fellows "take their share." His tolerance is only the result of his confidence that here where man's care ends, "God's, which is above it and distinct," begins. He cannot take the philosophical bird's-eye view of the different creeds, which is possible to men who are sufficiently impersonal to themselves to contemplate at their ease, and compare impartially, the various religious systems and cults spread out before them. All conclusions taking as their



premises only the aspects of men in masses, are unsatisfactory to him. All problems of life, social or ecclesiastical, are unintelligible to him until he has gained a solvent for them through the solution of the problem of the life individual. The unit from which his reasonings start is neither Humanity, nor the portion of it included within a church, but the ego (the only ego he knows as a basis for argument being his own). And it is only through his individual realizations, attained through the toil and struggle of personal faith, that he gets his hope for the destinies of other men: it is only because of what he has himself discerned, that he is enabled to reach — by a leap, not by a logical process — to the trust that the discernings of his fellows, though varying from his own, are not illusory. The ratio of his power of sympathy and tolerance is exactly that of the strength of his own dogmatic beliefs.

It is in the "Easter day" that we have to look for the record of how an earnest human soul attains to that faith in the unseen, which in "Christmas eve" is assumed all along as the basis of the argument. The poem concerns itself with no questions of the ecclesiastical life, but of the individual Christian life, which includes within itself the idea of the objectively-including ecclesiastical life. Here Browning's especial faculty — the strong venturing of faith — finds exercise. There are men (and many amongst the highest orders of men) whose motions of thought and feeling gain in firmness and freedom by the consciousness of belonging to and acting with an ecclesiastical organization or great public movement of opinion. But Browning's mind has no place amongst minds of this class: it is equally unfitted to move in an army organized under a definite church system, or in an irregular force banded together by "the spirit of an age;" its victories must be won in single combat, if won at all.

Here, parenthetically, we may notice this isolated working of Browning's thought, as the source of two characteristic imperfections — or, more properly limitations — in it. 1st, owing to this, his conception of Christianity lacks the solidarity that arises out of the corporate feeling and consciousness of historic permanence. It has never the broad firm grandeur of the mood of the Ambrosian hymns, for instance, or the "Te Deum." According to his view, each generation of men have just the same sort of work to do which they would have to do were all the work of their ancestors to

be blotted out, and leave no vestige of itself or its effects. The objective creed is not placed by him ever in any secure independence of our subjective hold upon it. 2ndly, though from this mental aloneness comes the chief glory of his work as truth-seeker, — his way of getting face to face with his beliefs, and seeing whatever he sees, directly and through no medium of languidly accepted traditions, — yet from the same source there comes one characteristic, which limits the range of his helpfulness, and makes his teaching incapable of influencing more than one class of minds. His own view of the immeasurable expanse of truth makes him, indeed, profoundly tolerant of the views of other men whose standpoints are not his: but is he wholly free from exclusiveness in his notions as to what should be accounted the lawful organ in human nature for truth-discerning? Does he not seem to make his very peculiar self the measure of other men, and become sometimes intolerant of varieties of ways in which variously constituted men arrive at and hold their beliefs? In himself two natures are met in rare combination; each of these natures being of heroic size and vigour. There is the union of intellectual strength and subtlety, with a vividly imaginative and emotional temperament. He is at once a hard thinker and a passionate feeler — a logician and a poet; and is, for his own part, able to work in whatever engages him, with the faculties that belong to this twofold nature, and choose to which set of faculties he will entrust the work he cares most about. His poems portray or suggest mental processes in which progress into scepticism and out of it takes place usually thus: — the keen dialectic intellect first takes up the question in hand, and works at it until it has made visible all the difficulties that are to be found in it — then, at the point where all objections have been fairly brought into notice, the ego does not set the part of its nature — the intellect — which began operations with them, to the further task of attempting either to find explanation and answer to them, or to relegate them beyond the province of things explicable; but with a sudden change of mood, the consciousness (leaving all these as and where they are) flings itself with a passionate leap away from them, into the emotional part of human nature, and seeks its faith in a refuge from, rather than in an encounter with, intellectual difficulty.

Whatever imperfections there are in Mr. Browning's power of sympathy, are to

be found on the side that is turned towards the class of thinkers incapable, from mental constitution of reaching faith by such methods. His Christianity seems to exclude men born to belong to what Mr. R. H. Hutton (in a somewhat "hard"-mooded essay — out of tune with the others in his two recently-published volumes,) styles the "Hard Church." From these, — the men feebler in imagination and emotion, than in intellectual power, — men whose feelings flow only as after-consequences from beliefs which they in no way helped to form — men who for doubts of reason must find either satisfaction by reason, or find by it good cause for the impossibility of such satisfaction — from such men Browning holds aloof. His preaching rejects with somewhat of contempt the evidences which are *their* faith's *all*. He casts impatiently aside the evidence, *e.g.* of the "greater probability" — which to many a man *must* be the sole ground of his belief in Christianity, and a ground which would seem to melt from under him, if emotion or desire intruded upon a mood dispassionately judicial. Browning's mind, itself able instinctively to feel out the "mightiness of love inextricably curled about" all "power and beauty in the world;" and able to transcend in the strength of these intuitive preceptions, the chasm intervening between Nature and the Christian Tale; refuses to recognize the existence of any logical footway of historical evidence, whereby alone a mind such as, *e.g.*, Archbishop Whately's could arrive at belief in the truth of the story.

The failing to behold "lover" written "on the foreheads" of the men who must lovelessly *know* before they can love, is the imperfection discernible in the great fraternal-hearted poet-thinker.

It happens often that men far more rigidly exclusive as to the "what" of other people's beliefs, are less so than Mr. Browning with regard to the "how." This sort of tolerance results from their accepting the creed of a church as handed down, and not making religious truth a matter of individual investigation. The creed of a church represents the aggregate action of varieties of minds; it is the centre of agreement where opinions meet, irrespective of how they have travelled. Whoever, therefore, takes this already-arrived-at creed as his own starting-point of thought or feeling, acquiesces thereby in the lawfulness of roads (be these what they may) which have brought other men to it. Keble, for instance, though a man

immeasurably narrower in inherent sympathies than Browning, has in some ways a larger toleration for minds of a different order from his own, and holds in honour modes of thought such as Bishop Butler's. This is made possible to him (though for his own part his faith would rest upon feeling only), by his having at the outset abstained from individual truth-seeking, and merged his own life in the catholic life of a church.

In Browning's teaching there is in many respects a repetition alike of the perfections and imperfections of Coleridge's. In both of these men the same intense inwardness and vivid self-concentrated thought which fits them to accomplish — as their own peculiar work — the maintaining of the subjective evidences for religious truth, inclines them to the same sort of impatience towards all others, who, not able to trust the instinctive voices from within, have to seek faith through investigation and comparison of what is without.

"Easter Day" is all throughout illustrative of Browning's tendency to exclusive reliance upon the subjective evidence of the human instincts. The problem of the poem is the how

"To joint

This flexile, finite life once tight  
Into the fixed and infinite."

— the how to find, first, a "fixed and infinite." And for the problem's solution, his mind refuses to avail itself of all aids which the intellect, judging from things external, can offer. Meeting each answer of the interlocutor with freshly occurring objections, he gets down deeper into the difficulty, seeing ever more and more "how very hard it is to be a Christian." Then there comes to him, out of his great poet-heart, a means of escape from the throng of surrounding perplexities in that strange, terribly vivid vision-dream, which brings in succession all earthly things accounted good — earth's exquisite treasures of wonder and delight — the waving of her woods, and flowing of her rivers, and all her vast exhaustless beauty, and endless change — art in its most perfect ancient and modern forms — knowledge, and the power to range Faust-like "through all circling sciences, philosophies, and histories" — brings all these to the test of the human soul's hunger for satisfaction; until it feels that none of them is sufficient to stay its cravings; and that its one final desire (to attain which it would let all else go in exchange) is for

love. And then there comes the mighty leap up of the human instincts, regardless of intervening intellectual obstacles towards the love of God as told of in the Christian story,

"What doubt in thee could countervail  
Belief in it — ?"

and in "it" he feels that he has found the substance of the gleams that, blending with all the displays of power and beauty on the earth, have been the essence of the brightness and good in her, which men have rejoiced in. The scene which the dream tells of is placed in the after-judgment state; the whole poem, however, is in its scope not illustrative of a belief in a spiritual world, and of man's probation for it, but tentative of the grounds for such belief; and taking the judgment sentences of condemnation, merely as hypotheses in order to have in them the most searching tests to apply to human instincts.

Characteristically, too, in his "Saul," Browning makes the Messianic prophecy evolve itself to David from his instincts introspectively perceived. The "Caliban upon Setebos" gives us his views (strikingly un-Paleyan) of the utmost that natural theology would amount to, argued out without the aid of the intuitions of human love. These he illustrates in this (which is one of his most powerfully executed poems), by showing how Caliban, the loveless creature, who is either devoid of human affections, or in whom they have not been called into activity by fellowship with men, can bring no key from within to unlock the meanings of the universe; and therefore all that he can find in it, everywhere, all around, by those shrewd bitterly ironical reasonings which his intellect alone gathers from external things is only merciless power, and capriciously used strength. And the horrible loathsomeness of this idea is drawn out with a minute perfection curiously fascinating.

Preference for internal evidence is shown, too, in the whole tenor of Pope Innocent's monologue in the "Ring and the Book." Here, though truth is sought not through the mere instincts of the heart, but with long patient reasonings of the head, it is still the introspective glance into the human mind which supplies the starting point of the whole argument by which the old Pope, finding therein ideas of strength, intelligence and goodness, larger in conception than in human fulfilment, and finding in the *natural* order of the world, actual fulfilment corresponding

to two only of these ideas, arrives (by the necessity of finding some instance of the third) at belief in the Christian story of limitless love and sacrifice.

From within, too, Innocent gets his very beautiful answer to the doubt that inevitably suggested itself to a man living in days when the earth had become very evil, and lust and cruelty such as Guido's "had their way i' the world where God should rule," lest haply Christianity's visible failure should disprove its truth. The query,

"And is this little all that was to be;  
Where is the glorious decisive change?  
The immeasurable metamorphosis  
Of human clay to divine gold, we looked  
Should in some poor sort justify the price?"

Well, is the thing we see salvation?"

is answered by the guess which is supplied by his own heart instincts, that this very weakness and failure may be, after all,

"But repetition of the miracle,  
The Divine instance of self-sacrifice  
That never ends, and aye begins for man."

and are characteristics necessary in a religion corresponding to the requirements of our truest humanity.

"How can man love but what he yearns to help?  
What but the weakness in a faith supplies  
The incentive to humanity, no strength  
Absolute, irresistible, compports?"

Thoroughly Browning-like is the Pope's mood, when in his forecast of the age succeeding his own, his hopes of world-regeneration are placed in his expectation that it will "shake the torpor of assurance from men's creed," and compel them, when they shall have grown to disbelieve report, to look inwards for truth, and

"Correct the portrait by the living face;  
Man's God, by God's God in the mind of  
man."

A noticeable exception to Browning's usual attitude of thought occurs in the closing pages of the "Paracelsus." The speech of the dying knowledge-seeker contains a passage (too long to quote, and whose immeasurable poetic beauty must not here be spoken of), where the argument extends over the whole known aspect of our world, viewing man *objectively* in his chronological place in Nature, as an appearance illustrative by its "supplementary reflux of light" of all foregoing appearances: as the counterpart of anterior creations, a mirror consciously reflectant of the whole.

Mr. Browning is an optimist: and all throughout his poetry his optimism is as the life-blood, circulating through and giving colour to every part of it. Some notion of this element in his creed must be defined in all criticism of him, either as teacher or artist. The features distinguishing his optimistic theory, are, I think, first, his never at any time ceasing to behold evil as evil, and to hate it as such: and secondly, his seeming not to feel the *oppression* of its mystery that has lain as a burden so heavily on the minds of generations of thinkers.

Moral evil he beholds as a thing in no way resolvable into mere *imperfection*. Where he finds it in the human world it retains for him its old meaning of sin, and is viewed as something wholly distinct from a stunting of the beautiful development of men's natures: by unfavourable outward circumstances, such as the absence of knowledge and culture. His own favourite theory of the position of human impulse, and the homage due to it, never leads him into letting that homage be of a blind indiscriminating sort. He recognizes that there is a principle working internally, and sending forth impulses which must not be mistaken for those which are men's lawful guides. With him holiness and healthiness are not quite convertible terms. Caponsacchi and Guido have both acted according to the promptings of impulse, obeying laws which were part of the nature of each: yet between them a difference is set. Rejoicing praise is bestowed by the Pope, in the "Ring and the Book," on the obedience yielded to instincts by one of these men;

"Well done!

Be glad thou hast let light into the world  
Through that irregular breach in the boundary,

— see

The same upon thy path, and march assured,  
Learning anew the use of soldiiership,  
Self-abnegation, freedom from all fear;  
Loyalty to the life's end."

And on the other — Guido — whom he images to himself as pleading in self-justification that his course of action has been only the same as that commended, inasmuch as he too has guided his steps according to the tune of impulse, the old man's righteous anger smites the blow of the sentence of temporal death. Wherein does Pope Innocent account this difference just? In this — that there has been a probation for both; each of them having within him a something to follow, and a something to resist. Count Guido he beholds as

"Furnished forth for his career  
On starting for his life-chance in our world,  
With nearly all we count sufficient help.  
Body and mind in balance — a sound frame,  
A solid intellect; the wit to seek,  
Wisdom to choose, and courage wherewithal  
To deal with whatsoever circumstance  
Should minister to man — make life succeed."

and fortified in his surroundings with "great birth, good breeding, and the Church for guide." He accounts that such a man's trial lies in the having *within*, evil impulses balanced more evenly against the good than they are in the man less favourably circumstanced for resistance to evil. He condemns (justly, he feels) him who, if he had so *willed*, might have made the good outweigh the evil, — might have used stumbling-block as stepping-stone; but who has chosen rather to love and believe in —

"Just the vile of life,  
Low instinct — base pretension."

Caponsacchi, too, Innocent views as having undergone trial by urgings of two kinds of impulse; and as having followed the noble and resisted the base, — as having, while yielding to instincts of "healthy rage" against cruelty and oppression, retained self-government, and kept himself pure in thought, and word, and deed. In his praise there is involved the idea that evil has been present as —

"Temptation . . . for man to meet  
And master, and make crouch beneath his  
feet,  
And so be pedestalled in triumph."

So, too, in the "Easter Day" (as elsewhere) we find the same doctrine of a probation for all human life by instincts good and evil. To each human soul has been shown —

"The earthly mixed  
With heavenly, it must choose betwixt.  
The earthly joys lay palpable, —  
A taint in each, distinct as well  
The heavenly fitted faint and rare  
Above them."

Far on, indeed, in the hereafter, Browning looks on to there being no longer this twofold and contrary working of impulse. His expectation is that human nature will take its perfection in a grand one-ness. When it shall —

"reach the ultimate, angel's law  
Indulging every instinct of the soul,  
There where law, life, joy, impulse are one  
thing."

— "A Death in the Desert."

But he does not confound his hope for the future with his teaching for the needs of the present.

An optimist Browning is *not* in the sense of rejecting or explaining away the dogma that humanity has inherent tendencies to moral evil dark and foul; or proclaiming a freedom to all impulses from any bar save that of physical or social inexpediency; yet an optimist he *is*—and that not falteringly, but with the conviction of his whole heart—in the sense of being able, all the while he sees the evil which he will not disguise by any other name, to look steadily into its dark hateful face, assured that its ultimate significance is good. He does not conceive that it has come as some unlucky accident to spoil a harmony of order in a world which but for it had been perfect; he holds, rather, that it is through it that a higher perfection is attainable. Feeling this, he does not need that shuffle into a real though unacknowledged Manichæism, which is the refuge of so many men from the perplexities and contradictions of a creed of mingled pessimism and optimism. He believes that the antagonism between principles does not extend beyond the world of finite being; and ventures to refer to the same source the placing in this world of ours the two contrary principles which we call good and evil. Here is some of his doctrine, spoken by the Pope in the "Ring and the Book."

He says (having reached the point of acknowledgment that the Christian story is true, and that therein "God shows complete"):—

"I can believe this dread machinery  
Of sin and sorrow, would confound me else  
Devised,—all pain, at most expenditure  
Of pain by Who devised pain,—to evolve  
By new machinery in counterpart  
The moral qualities of man—how else?  
To make him love in turn and be beloved,  
Creating and self-sacrificing too—  
And thus eventually, God-like (ay  
'I have said ye are Gods'—shall it be said  
for nought?)  
Enable man to wring from out all pain  
All pleasure for a common heritage.

The moral sense grows but by exercise,  
'Tis even as man grew, proactively  
Initiated in Godship, set to make  
A fairer moral world than this he finds.

Life is probation, and this earth no goal,  
But starting-point for man, compel him  
'strive,  
Which means in man as good as reach the  
goal."

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Evil he beholds as the immediate bringer to humanity of our chief and peculiar glory—progress, as a messenger sent to institute a race for men, from less to more, from lower to higher. The one thing of which he feels a shrinking horror is "ghastly smooth life" in which man should be left "dead at heart;" and his whole spirit leaps up to behold purposes of goodness in the appearance of anything as a deliverer from that.

Browning's is a creed including within it the hope that where during the earthly probation, men's moral wills have been too feeble to enable them to use temptations by evil as "points that prove advantage for who vaults from low to high;" the work neglected or failed in here, may yet elsewhere, though under harder conditions, be ultimately done. Even Guido Franceschini, the abominable, he will not allow to depart from our sight unfollowed by words of hope. In the forgivingness of Pompilia, the victim of the murderer in her life and death, there is a gospel of a far-off-healing and restoration for *him* even, albeit by God's shadow instead of the light of His face. And the Pope, Guido's judge, thinks of the criminal on whom he pronounces sentence of temporal death, as going forth—

"Into that sad, obscure, sequestered state,  
Where God unmakes but to remake a soul  
He else had made in vain; which must not  
be."

And the same hope comes out, in vaguer expression, in that last phrase of "Easter Day" (without adding which, the human heart of the poet will not suffer him to let go his vision of the close of the earthly probation):—

"Mercy, every way,  
Is infinite—and who can say?"

Very faint, by comparison with Browning's is Tennyson's trust in the "larger hope;" though he, too, seeks to hold the creed that "somehow good will be the final goal of ill." All that Tennyson attains to is an infant's blind crying after it—a groping for it, with "lame hands of faith." He looks for his theory of optimism in a direction whither Browning, an idealist in his metaphysics, does not turn in his quests of objective realities. And looking for it all throughout the material world and her analogies, he finds nothing to be a reliable guide to it; and can only fall in the darkness upon that "great world's altar-stairs;" not feeling assured as to what ultimate law and purpose he should



find above them, could he see up their heights.

However, in speaking of the Tennyson and Browning optimisms, it is not fair to make the quality of *vigour* the point of comparison — nor, indeed, any other quality either. The aim of the two poets, in their search, is essentially different. Tennyson's colder and more symmetrical mind looks to find truth as harmony and proportion; and is always suspicious of the parts unless it can see the whole. What Browning seeks is truth absolute, not relative; and if he thinks he has got hold of the minutest particle of *that*, it is to him as a thing indestructible by any mass of contradictions; and it suffices to him as a sure earnest of the rest. His own heart's instinctive conviction of a law of love is out of the reach of whatever "evil dreams" Nature may lend, and does not need to concern itself with analogies of her waste and destruction — with appearances such as that "of fifty seeds, she often brings but one to bear." The optimistic creed of Tennyson is the result of an effort, very noble, to *comprehend*: that of Browning is an effort to *apprehend*. The one seeks a superhuman solution to the problem, and fails; the other, grasping with a human passion, succeeds in finding satisfaction.

At this part of Browning's creed there is one of the many doors of entrance, from the question of his work as a truth-seeker, into the question of his Art. Into this we may not now trespass, further than to observe that the character of his work, as poet of external Nature, seems to be determined by the negative influence of his optimism, and his method of attaining thereto. His seeking and finding his satisfaction as to the world's purport, in another quarter than in the material world, leaves him free to derive from that world, art of a peculiar and very valuable kind. Browning's poetry of external Nature has some characteristics so rare, that (though in quantity it is much less than what most other great poets have produced) its loss would leave a gap in our literature. It is nowhere mystical, like Wordsworth's, nor æsthetico-scientific, like Tennyson's Nature-poetry; but it is simply full of a noble sensuousness. It is not the product of moods of intellectual and moral tension. It is glad acceptance of the physical influences of external Nature — not truth-seeking in and through her mysteries. The contact of the phenomena which we term material, in ourselves, with the so-called material phenomena outside us, is rested in, for the time being, without endeavour

to pursue a further significance. Beautiful art, as well as teaching not a little wholesome, is given to us in Mr. Browning's poems of Nature; of which the speciality is their being *sensuous*, yet restrained by a manly dignity from ever becoming a voluptuous self-abandoning to enslavement by her beauty. We have the same sort of thing only from one other modern English poet — A. H. Clough. (See "The Bothie.") There is a certain amount of positivism in both Clough's and Browning's acceptance of the material world, which results, in both cases, in a similar sort of purely physical enjoyment of it (the latter's poetical expression of this being, however, by far the superior in varied richness). Their positivisms are, of course, alike in their *effects* only, and are *essentially* different. Clough's is the positivism of a strong mind, sternly setting aside truth-seeking in this direction as bootless, and with a resolute temperate cheerfulness, accepting whatever certain good it can find. Browning's is the positivism of childlike trust — so confident in the truth which it has found elsewhere, that it can afford to pause here from restless searching, and take the earth's beauty as beauty — joys of sense as joy. For illustration of Mr. Browning's poetical feeling for external Nature, we might refer to his "Pippa Passes," to his "Saul" (specially to the passage in it beginning "Oh, our manhood's prime vigor"), to parts of the "Paracelsus," and to other passages, which cannot here be enumerated. Though none other of our poets is so perpetually on the watch to discern transcendental significance, translucent through the facts of mind, yet he, more than most others, is content to behold the facts of matter as (so to speak) "*opaque*," and to describe his impressions from them, directly and unsymbolically. To Wordsworth it would be impossible to tell simply of "the sense of the yellow mountain flowers."

This paper must hasten to conclude, leaving with only a passing mention, one of the aspects of Mr. Browning's preaching — its stern moral lessons, and its peculiar downrightness of enforcing them. As poet of the Will, he has words of unsparing condemnation to bestow on such sins as failure "through weak endeavor." There is an earnest severity in "The Statue and the Bust," and in his "Sordello" — terriblest of tragedies, inasmuch as it depicts the deterioration of a soul. The miserable life-failure, of which this latter is the history, is looked on by him as resulting from the man's irresoluteness to overcome and banish his probation-spectre (do not many



of us know something akin to it?); of his haunting double consciousness—fourfold consciousness rather; of, at the same time, an ego divided by impulses diverging towards two ways of utterance—Art and action; and of another two-fold spectral ego—reflexion of the actual ego—contemplating, as if from some view-point in nowhere, it and its work, in their place in the All-of-things. The real self and its reflexion keep on, like opposite mirrors, reflecting each other backwards and for-

wards, *ad infinitum*; each becoming alternately subject and object, until there is produced in Sordello, as the result, a wretched paralysis of all working-power, either artistic or practical. And all for lack of the vigorous effort of whole-hearted obedience to either impulse, by which his will could have freed him from the thing that wrought the ruin of his life. Sternest of sermons this! on the text, *ἀντὶ διψῶτος, ἀκατάστοτος*, &c., &c. (St. James i., 8.)

THE Chinese appear to be at the present time very generally impressed by the notion that Europeans, and especially the missionaries, have embarked in a wholesale conspiracy to poison them. The rumour, which has been invented and put into circulation by the anti-foreign agitators is to the effect that European medical men and missionaries (who very laudably attempt to cure the bodies as well as save the souls of the natives) have been extensively manufacturing certain pills or powder which the Chinese call "Shan Sin Fan," or fairy powder, the effect of which is to poison, if not to destroy, all who will not embrace the Christian religion. The British and European settlers are reported to be in those parts of China where the rumour is current in daily fear of a fresh outbreak, and of a massacre similar to that of Tientsin. The following is a translation of a public placard on this subject posted on the walls of Foochow. Ridiculous and frivolous as it appears, it and similar proclamations are, it will readily be understood, by no means reassuring to the foreign residents:—

Recently foreigners (lit. barbarians) have been secretly concocting schemes for the purpose of grievously injuring the people. They have erected churches, into which they inveigle women for licentious purposes. Whoever sees these outlandish foreigners, with their hideous faces and eyes, is constrained to hate them. How happens it, then, that people are willing to enter their society and associate with them? Truly we are concerned. These stupid foreigners, unable to appreciate the value of money, employ many devices. They bribe persons to feign themselves Taoist priests, and engage old women, all of whom they send into the country villages to circulate false stories concerning a pestilence which they say is about to come on the people. They then offer to the people a poisonous medicine called "mysterious fairy powder," and employ women in all the villages to mix it with rice-flour in the shape of cakes and tidbits which, when cooked, are first offered to the idols and then eaten by those who offered them, in the belief that this will protect them from the pestilence. Alas! they do not think

that within twenty days after eating these cakes the feet begin to swell, and that the disease is very difficult to cure. In all this the sole object of foreigners is to entice people into their society, they cause every female to submit to their licentious desires. Whenever any of those persons, whether male or female, enter any village to give out their poisonous medicine, they should be treated like vagabonds. Do not, by any means, spare them. Thus will you protect the lives of the people from the poisonous machinations of these stupid foreigners. This thing has already (in connection with the provincial idols) injured a great many females. We therefore prepare and post this placard that all good people may fear and be cautious, and thus avoid being ensnared by idle words. It is our earnest desire that good people will copy this placard and circulate it everywhere, thus performing a most meritorious deed.—TUNG CHE, 10th year, 5th moon, 20th day (July 7, 1871).

THE removal, sanctioned by the Czar, of the Baltic University from Dorpat to Vilna has a deeper signification than the mere migration of a learned institution from one city to another. The proposal emanates from the Russian Nationalist party, and is intended as a vigorous stride towards the final Russianization of the Baltic provinces. These provinces being the stronghold, and Dorpat, as their seat of learning, the nursery of Germanism in Russia, it is believed that no more effective step could have been taken towards the eradication of the element to which Russia owes her civilization, but which now has become hateful in her sight. The measure is coupled with some others aiming at the same object. The first introduces the Russian municipal law into the provinces, and the other prescribes the exclusive use of the Russian language in official and administrative correspondence. In order still further to encourage the spread of that language, Government has placed 6,000 roubles at the disposal of the authorities, to enable them to print their official journals in Russian instead of German.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## PUBLIC APPROBATION.

If that child had no luck herself (except, of course, in meeting me); at any rate she never failed to bring me wondrous fortune. The air was smooth, and sweet, and soft, the sky had not a wrinkle, and the fickle sea was smiling, proud of pleasant manners. Directly I began to fish at the western tail of the Tuskar, scarcely a fish forebore me. Whitingpollacks run in shoals, and a shoal I had of them; and the way I split and dried them made us long for breakfast-time. And Bardie did enjoy them so.

The more I dwelled with that little child, the more I grew wrapped up in her. Her nature was so odd and loving, and her ways so pretty. Many men forego their goodness, so that they forget the nature of a little darling child. Otherwise, perhaps, we might not, if we kept our hearts aright, so despise the days of loving, and the time of holiness. Now this baby almost shamed me, and I might say Bunny too, when, having undressed her, and put the coarse rough night-gown on her, which came from Sker with the funerals, my grand-child called me from up-stairs, to meet some great emergency.

"Granny, come up with the stick dreckly moment, granny dear! Missy 'ont go into bed. Such a bad wicked child she is."

I ran up-stairs, and there was Bunny all on fire with noble wrath, and there stood Bardie sadly scraping the worm-eaten floor with her small white toes.

"I'se not a yicked shild," she said, "I'se a yae good gal, I is; I 'ont go to bed till I say my payers to 'Mighty God, as my dear mama make me. She be very angry with 'a, Bunny, 'hen she knows it."

Hereupon I gave Bunny a nice little smack, and had a great mind to let her taste the stick which she had invoked so eagerly. However, she roared enough without it, because her feelings were deeply hurt. Bardie also cried for company, or perhaps, at my serious aspect, until I put her down on her knees and bade her say her prayers, and have done with it. At the same time it struck me how stupid I was not to have asked about this before, inasmuch as even a child's religion may reveal some of its history.

She knelt as prettily as could be, with her head thrown back, and her tiny palms laid together upon her breast, and thus she said her simple prayer.

"Pay God bless dear papa, and mama, and ickle bother. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, 'ook upon a ickle shild and make me a good gal. Amen."

Then she got up and kissed poor Bunny, and was put into bed as good as gold; and slept like a little dormouse till morning.

Take it altogether now, we had a happy time of it. Every woman in Newton praised me for my kindness to the child; and even the men who had too many could not stand against Bardie's smile. They made up, indeed, some scandalous story, as might have been expected, about my relationship to the baby, and her sudden appearance so shortly after my poor wife's death. However, by knocking three men down, I produced a more active growth of charity in our neighbourhood.

And very soon a thing came to pass, such as I never could have expected, and of a nature to lift me (even more than the free use of my pole) for a period of at least six months, above the reach of libel, from any one below the rank of a justice of the peace. This happened just as follows. One night the children were snug in bed, and finding the evenings long, because the days were shortening in so fast—which seemed to astonish everybody—it came into my head to go no more than outside my own door, and into the "Jolly Sailors." For the autumn seemed to be coming on, and I like to express my opinions upon that point in society; never being sure where I may be before ever another autumn. Moreover, the landlord was not a man to be neglected with impunity. He never liked his customers to stay too long away from him, any more than our parson did; and pleasant as he was when pleased, and generous in the way of credit to people with any furniture, nothing was more sure to vex him, than for a man without excuse, to pretend to get on without him.

Now when I came into the room, where our little sober proceedings are—a narrow room, and dark enough, yet full of much good feeling, also with hard wooden chairs worn soft by generations of sitting—a sudden stir arose among the excellent people present. They turned and looked at me, as if they had never enjoyed that privilege, or, at any rate, had failed to make proper use of it before. And ere my modesty was certain whether this were for good or harm, they raised such a clapping with hands and feet, and a clink-

ing of glasses in a line with it, that I felt myself worthy of some great renown. I stood there and bowed, and made my best leg, and took off my hat in acknowledgment. Observing this, they were all delighted, as if I had done them a real honour; and up they arose with one accord, and gave me three cheers, with an Englishman setting the proper tune for it.

I found myself so overcome all at once with my own fame and celebrity, that I called for a glass of hot rum-and-water, with the nipple of a lemon in it, and sugar the size of a nutmeg. My order was taken with a speed and deference hitherto quite unknown to me; and better than that, seven men opened purses, and challenged the right to pay for it. Entering into so rare a chance of getting on quite gratis, and knowing that such views are quick to depart, I called for 6 oz. of tobacco, with the Bristol stamp (a red crown) upon it. Scarce had I tested the draught of a pipe—which I had to do sometimes for half an hour, with all to blow out, and no drawing in—when the tobacco was at my elbow, served with a saucer, and a curtesy. "Well," thought I, "this is real glory." And I longed to know how I had earned it.

It was not likely, with all those people gazing so respectfully, that I would deign to ask them coarsely, what the deuce could have made them do it. I had always felt myself unworthy of obscure position, and had dreamed, for many years, of having my merits perceived at last. And to ask the reason would have been indeed a degradation, although there was not a fibre of me but quivered to know all about it. Herein, however, I overshot the mark, as I found out afterwards; for my careless manner made people say that I must have written the whole myself—a thing so very far below me, that I scorn to answer it. But here it is; and then you can judge from the coarse style, and the three-decked words, whether it be work of mine.

Felix Farley's Bristol Journal, Saturday July 24, 1782.—"*Shipwreck and loss of all hands—Heroism of a British tar.*—We hear of a sad catastrophe from the coast of Glamorganshire. The season of great heat and drought, from which our readers must have suffered, broke up, as they may kindly remember, with an almost unprecedented gale of wind and thunder on Sunday, the 11th day of this month. In the height of the tempest a large ship was descried, cast by the fury of the elements upon a notorious reef of rocks, at a little

place called Sker, about twenty miles to the east of Swansea. Serious apprehensions were entertained by the spectators for the safety of the crew, which appeared to consist of black men. Their fears were too truly verified, for in less than an hour the ill-fated bark succumbed to her cruel adversaries. No adult male of either colour appears to have reached the shore alive, although a celebrated fisherman, and heroic pensioner of our royal navy, whose name is David Llewellyn, and who traces his lineage from the royal bard of that patronymic, performed prodigies of valour, and proved himself utterly regardless of his own respectable and blameless life, by plunging repeatedly into the boiling surges, and battling with the raging elements in the vain hope of extricating the sufferers from a watery grave. With the modesty which appears to be, under some inscrutable law of nature, inseparable from courage of the highest order, this heroic tar desires to remain in obscurity. This we could not reconcile with our sense of duty; and if any lover of our black brethren finds himself moved by this narration, we shall be happy to take charge of any remittance marked "D. L." It grieves us to add that none escaped except an intelligent young female, who clung to the neck of Llewellyn. She states that the ship was the Andalusia, and had sailed from Appledore, which is, we believe, in Devonshire. The respected Coroner Bowles held an inquest, which afforded universal satisfaction."

Deeply surprised as I was to find how accurately, upon the whole, this paper had got the story of it—for not much less than half was true—it was at first a puzzle to me how they could have learned so much about myself, and the valiant manner in which I intended to behave, but found no opportunity. Until I remembered that a man, possessing a very bad hat, had requested the honour of introducing himself to me, in my own house, and had begged me by all means to consider myself at home, and to allow him to send for refreshment, which I would not hear of twice, but gave him what I thought up to his mark, according to manners and appearance. And very likely he made a mistake between my description of what I was ready, as well as desirous, to carry out, and what I bodily did go through, ay, and more, to the back of it. However, I liked this account very much, and resolved to encourage yet more warmly the next man who came to me with a bad hat. What, then, was my disgust at per-

ceiving, at the very foot of that fine description a tissue of stuff like the following!

"Another account [from a highly esteemed correspondent].—The great invasion of sand, which has for so many generations spread such wide devastation, and occasioned such grievous loss to landowners on the western coast of Glamorgan-shire, made another great stride in the storm of Sabbath-day July 11. A vessel of considerable burthen, named the Andalusia, and laden with negroes, most carefully shipped for conversion among the good merchants of Bristol, appears to have been swallowed up by the sand; and our black fellow-creatures disappeared. It is to be feared, from this visitation of an ever-benign Providence, that few of them had been converted, and that the burden of their sins disabled them from swimming. If one had been snatched as a brand from the burning, gladly would we have recorded it, and sent him forward prayerfully for sustenance on his way to the Lord. But the only eyewitness (whose word must never be relied upon when mammon enters into the conflict), a worn-out but well-meaning sailor, who fattens upon the revenue of an overburdened country—this man ran away so fast that he saw hardly anything. The Lord, however, knoweth His own in the days of visitation. A little child came ashore alive, and a dead child bearing a coronet. Many people have supposed that the pusillanimous sailor aforesaid knows much more than he will tell. It is not for us to enter into that part of the question. Duty, however, compels us to say, that any one desiring to have a proper comprehension of this heavy but righteous judgment—for He doeth all things well—cannot do better than apply to the well-known horologist of Bridgend, Hezekiah Perkins, also to the royal family."

The above yarn may simply be described as a gallows-rope spun by Jack Ketch himself from all the lies of all the scoundrels he has ever hanged, added to all that his own vile heart can invent, with the devil to help him. The cold-blooded, creeping, and crawling manner in which I myself was alluded to—although without the manliness even to set my name down—as well as the low hypocrisy of the loathsome white-livered syntax of it, made me,—well, I will say no more—the filthiness reeks without my stirring, and, indeed, no honest man should touch it; only, if Hezekiah Perkins had chanced to sneak into the room just then, his wife

might have prophesied shrouds and weeds.

For who else was capable of such lies, slimed with so much sanctimony, like cellar-slugs, or bilge-hole rats, rolling in Angelica, while all their entrails are of brimstone, such as Satan would scorn to vomit? A bitter pain went up my right arm, for the weakness of my heart, when that miscreant gave me insult, and I never knocked him down the well. And over and over again I have found it a thorough mistake to be always forgiving. However, to have done with reflections which must suggest themselves to any one situated like me—if, indeed, any one ever was—after containing myself, on account of the people who surrounded me, better than could have been hoped for, I spoke, because they expected it.

"Truly, my dear friends, I am thankful for your goodwill towards me. Also to the unknown writer, who has certainly made too much of my poor unaided efforts. I did my best; it was but little: and who dreams of being praised for it? Again, I am thankful to this other writer, who has overlooked me altogether. For the sake of poor Sandy Macraw, we must thank him that he kindly forbore to make public the name."

You should have seen the faces of all the folk around the table when I gave them this surprise.

"Why," said one, "we thought for sure that it was you he was meaning, Dyo dear. And in our hearts we were angry to him, for such falsehoods large and black. Indeed and indeed, true enough it may be of a man outlandish such as Sandy Macraw is."

"Let us not hasten to judge," I replied: "Sandy is brave enough, I daresay, and he can take his own part well. I will not believe that he ran away; very likely he never was there at all. If he was, he deserves high praise for taking some little care of himself. I should not have been so stiff this night, if I had only had the common-sense to follow his example."

All our people began to rejoice; and yet they required, as all of us do, something more than strongest proof.

"What reason is to show then, Dyo, that this man of letters meant not you, but Sandy Macraw, to run away so?"

"Hopkin, read it aloud," I said; "neither do I know, nor care, what the writer's meaning was. Only I thought there was something spoken about his Majesty's revenue. Is it I, or is it Sandy that belongs to the revenue?"

This entirely settled it. All our people took it up, and neglected not to tell one another. So that in less than three days' time, my name was spread far and wide for the praise, and the Scotchman's for the condemnation. I desired it not, as my friends well knew; but what use to beat to windward, against the breath of the whole of the world? Therefore I was not so obstinate as to set my opinion against the rest; but left it to Mr. Macraw to rebut, if he could, his pusillanimity.

As for Hezekiah Perkins, all his low creations fell upon the head from which they sprang. I spoke to our rector about his endeavour to harm a respectable Newton man — for you might call Macraw that by comparison, though he lived at Porthcawl, and was not respectable — and everybody was struck with my kindness in using such handsome terms of a rival. The result was that Perkins lost our church-clock, which paid him as well as a many two others, having been presented to the parish, and therefore not likely to go without pushing. For our rector was a peppery man, except when in the pulpit, and what he said to Hezekiah was exactly this.

"What, Perkins! another great bill again! 'To repair of church-clock, seven-and-sixpence; to ten miles' travelling, at threepence per mile,' — and so on, and so on! Why, you never came further than my brother the Colonel's, the last three times you have charged for. Allow me to ask you a little question: to whom did you go for the keys of the church?"

"As if I should want any keys of the church! There is no church-lock in the county that I cannot open, as soon as whistle."

"Indeed! So you pick our lock. Do you ever open a church-door honestly, for the purpose of worshipping the Lord? I have kept my eye upon you, sir, because I hear that you have been reviling my parishioners. And I happen to know that you never either opened the lock of our church or picked it, for the last three times you have charged for. But one thing you have picked for many years, and this is the pocket of my ratepayers. Be off, sir — be off with your trumpery bill! We will have a good churchman to do our clock — a thoroughly honest seaman, and a regular church-goer."

"Do you mean that big thief, Davy Llewellyn? Well, well, do as you please. But I will thank you to pay my bill first."

"Thank me when you get it, sir. You may fall down on your canting knees, and thank the Lord for one thing."

"What am I to thank the Lord for? For allowing you to cheat me thus?"

"For giving me self-command enough not to knock you down, sir." With that the rector came so nigh him, that brother Perkins withdrew in haste; for the parson had done that sort of thing to people who ill-used him; and the sense of the parish was always with him. Hence the management of the church-clock passed entirely into my hands, and I kept it almost always going, at less than half Hezekiah's price; and this reunited me to the Church (from which my poor wife perhaps had led me astray some little), by a monthly arrangement which reflected equal credit on either party.

And even this was not the whole of the blessings that now rolled down upon me, for the sake, no doubt, of little Bardie, as with the ark in the Bible. For this fine Felix Farley was the only great author of news at that time prevalent among us. It is true that there was another journal nearer to us, at Hereford, and a highly good one, but for a very clear reason it failed to have command of the public-houses. For the customers liked both their pipes and their papers to be of the same origin, and go together kindly. And Hereford sent out no tobacco; while Bristol was more famous for the best Virginian birdseye, than even for rum, or intelligence.

Therefore, as everybody gifted with the gift of reading came to the public-houses gradually, and to compare interpretation over those two narratives, both of which stirred our county up, my humble name was in their mouths as freely and approvingly as the sealing-wax end of their pipe-stems. Unanimous consent accrued (when all had said the same thing over, fifty times in different manners, and with fine-drawn argument) that after all, and upon the whole, David Llewellyn was an honour to county and to country.

After that, for at least a fortnight, no more dogs were set at me. When I showed myself over a gentleman's gate, in the hope of selling fish to him, it used to be always, "At him, Pincher!" "Into his legs, Growler, boy!" So that I was compelled to carry my conger-rod to save me. Now, however, and for a season till my fame grew stale, I never lifted the latch of a gate without hearing grateful utterance, "Tower, down, you son of a gun! Yelp and Vick. hold your stupid tongues, will you?" The value of my legs was



largely understood by gentlemen. As for the ladies and the housemaids, if conceit were in my nature, what a run it would have had! Always and always the same am I and above even women's opinions. But I know no other man whose head would not have been turned with a day of it. For my rap at the door was scarcely given (louder, perhaps, than it used to be) before every maid in the house was out, and the lady looking through the blinds. I used to dance on the step, and beat my arms on my breast, with my basket down between my legs, and tremble almost for a second rap; and then it was, "Like your impudence!" "None of your stinking stuff!" and so on. But now they ran down beautifully, and looked up under their eyelids at me, and left me to show them what I liked, and never beat down a halfpenny, and even accepted my own weight. Such is the grand effect of glory: and I might have kissed every one of them, and many even of the good plain cooks, if I could have reconciled it with my sense of greatness.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### A CRAFT BEYOND THE LAW.

COLONEL LOUGHER, of Candleston Court, was one of the finest and noblest men it was ever my luck to come across. He never would hear a word against me, any more than I would against him; and no sooner did I see him upon the Bench than I ceased to care what the evidence was. If they failed to prove their falsehoods (as nearly always came to pass), he dismissed them with a stern reprimand for taking away my character; and if they seemed to establish anything by low devices against me, what did he say? Why, no more than this: "David, if what they say be true, you appear to have forgotten yourself in a very unusual manner. You have promised me always to improve; and I thought that you were doing it. This seems to be a trifling charge — however, I must convict you. The penalty is one shilling, and the costs fifteen."

"May it please your worship," I always used to answer, "is an honest man to lose his good name, and pay those who have none for stealing it?"

Having seen a good deal of the world, he always felt the force of this, but found it difficult to say so with prejudiced men observing him. Only I knew that my fine and costs would be slipped into my hand by-and-by, with a glimpse of the Candleston livery.

This was no more than fair between us; for not more than seven generations had passed since Griffith Llewellyn, of my true stock, had been the proper and only bard to the great Lord Lougher of Coity, whence descended our good Colonel. There had been some little mistake about the departure of the title, no doubt through extremes of honesty, but no lord in the county came of better blood than Colonel Lougher. To such a man it was a hopeless thing for the bitterest enemy — if he had one — to impute one white hair's breadth of departure from the truth. A thoroughly noble man to look at, and a noble man to hearken to, because he knew not his own kindness, but was kind to every one. Now this good man had no child at all, as generally happens to very good men, for fear of mankind improving much. And the great king of Israel, David, from whom our family has a tradition — yet without any Jewish blood in us — he says (if I am not mistaken) that it is a sure mark of the ungodly to have children at their desire, and to leave the rest of their substance to ungodly infants.

Not to be all alone, the Colonel, after the death of his excellent wife, persuaded his only sister, the Lady Bluett, widow of Lord Bluett, to set up with him at Candleston. And this she was not very loath to do, because her eldest son, the present Lord Bluett, was of a wild and sporting turn, and no sooner became of age but that he wanted no mother over him. Therefore she left him for a while to his own devices, hoping every month to hear of his suddenly repenting.

Now this was a lady fit to look at. You might travel all day among people that kept drawing-rooms, and greenhouses, and the new safe of music, well named from its colour "grand pœony," and you might go up and down Bridgend, even on a fair-day, yet nobody would you set eyes on fit to be looked at as a lady on the day that you saw Lady Bluett.

It was not that she pretended anything; that made all the difference. Only she felt such a thorough knowledge that she was no more than we might have been, except for a width of accidents. And nothing ever parted her from any one with good in him. For instance, the first time she saw me again (after thirty years, perhaps, from the season of her beauty-charm, when I had chanced to win all the prizes in the sports given at Candleston Court, for the manhood of now Colonel Lougher), not only did she at once recognize me, in spite of all my battering, but she held out



her beautiful hand, and said, "How are you, Mr. Llewellyn?" Nobody had ever called me "Mr. Llewellyn" much till then; but, by good luck, a washerwoman heard it and repeated it; and since that day there are not many people (leaving out clods and low enemies) with the face to accost me otherwise.

However, this is not to the purpose, any more than it is worthy of me. How can it matter what people call me when I am clear of my fish-basket? as, indeed, I always feel at the moment of unstrapping. No longer any reputation to require my fist ready. I have done my utmost, and I have received the money.

These are the fine perceptions which preserve a man of my position from the effects of calumny. And, next to myself, the principal guardian of my honour was this noble Colonel Lougher. Moreover, a fine little chap there was, Lady Bluett's younger son, Honourable Rodney Bluett by name; for his father had served under Admiral Rodney, and been very friendly with him, and brought him to church as a godfather. This young Rodney Bluett was about ten years old at that time, and the main delight of his life was this, to come fishing with old Davy. The wondrous yarns I used to spin had such an effect on his little brain, that his prospects on dry land, and love of his mother, and certain inheritance from the Colonel, were helpless to keep him from longing always to see the things which I had seen. With his large blue eyes upon me, and his flaxen hair tied back, and his sleeves tucked up for paddling, hour by hour he would listen, when the weather was too rough to do much more than look at it. Or if we went out in a boat (as we did when he could pay for hiring, and when his mother was out of the way), many and many a time I found him, when he should have been quick with the bait, dwelling upon the fine ideas which my tales had bred in him. I took no trouble in telling them, neither did I spare the truth when it would come in clumsily (like a lubber who cannot touch his hat), but they all smelled good and true, because they had that character.

However, he must bide his time, as every one of us has to do, before I make too much of him. And just at the period now in hand he was down in my black books for never coming near me. It may have been that he had orders not to be so much with me, and very likely that was wise; for neither his mother nor his uncle could bear the idea of his going to sea, but

meant to make a red herring of him, as we call those poor land-soldiers. Being so used to his pretty company, and his admiration, also helping him as I did to spend his pocket-money, I missed him more than I could have believed; neither could I help sorrowing at this great loss of opportunity; for many an honest shilling might have been turned ere winter by the hire of my boat to him when he came out with me fishing. I had prepared a scale of charges, very little over Captain Bob's, to whom he used to pay 4d. an hour, when I let him come after the whiting with me. And now, for no more than 6d. an hour, he should have my very superior boat, and keep her head by my directions, for he understood a rudder, and bait my hooks, and stow my fish, and enjoy (as all boys should) the idea of being useful.

For, as concerns that little barkie, I had by this time secured myself from any further uneasiness, or troublesome need of concealment, by a bold and spirited facing of facts, which deserves the congratulation of all honest fishermen. The boat, like her little captain, was at first all white—as I may have said—but now, before her appearance in public, I painted her gunwale and strakes bright blue, even down to her water-mark; and then, without meddling with her name, or rather that of the ship she belonged to, I retraced very lightly, but so that any one could read it, the name of the port from which she hailed, and which (as I felt certain now, from what I had seen on the poor wrecked ship) must have been San Salvador; and the three last letters were so plain, that I scarcely had to touch them.

Now this being done, and an old worn painter shipped instead of the new one, which seemed to have been chopped off with an axe, I borrowed a boat and stood off to sea from Porthcawl Point, where they beach them, having my tackle and bait on board, as if for an evening off the Tuskar, where turbot and whiting-pollack are. Here I fished until dusk of the night, and as long as the people ashore could see me; but as soon as all was dark and quiet, I just pulled into Newton Bay, and landed opposite the old "Red house," where my new boat lay in ordinary, snug as could be, and all out of sight. For the ruins of this old "Red house" had such a repute for being haunted, ever since a dreadful murder cast a ban around it, that even I never wished to stop longer than need be there at night; and once or twice I heard a noise that went to the marrow

of my back; of which, however, I will say no more, until it comes to the proper place. Enough that no man, woman, or child, for twenty miles round, except myself, had a conscience clear enough to go in there after dark, and scarcely even by daylight. My little craft was so light and handy, that, with the aid of the rollers ready, I led her down over the beach myself, and presently towed her out to sea, with the water as smooth as a duck-pond, and the tide of the neap very silent. The weather was such as I could not doubt, being now so full of experience. Therefore, I had no fear to lie in a very dangerous berth indeed, when any cockle of a sea gets up, or even strong tides are running. This was the west-end fork of the Tuskar, making what we call "callipers;" for the back of the Tuskar dries at half-ebb, and a wonderful ridge stops the run of the tide, not only for weeds, but for fishes as well. Here with my anchor down, I slept as only a virtuous man can sleep.

In the grey of the morning, I was up, ere the waning moon was done with, and found the very thing to suit me going on delightfully. The heavy dew of autumn, rising from the land by perspiration, spread a cloud along the shore. A little mist was also crawling on the water here and there; and having slept with a watch-coat and tarpaulin over me, I shook myself up, without an ache, and like a good bee at the gate of the hive, was brisk for making honey.

Hence I pulled away from land, with the heavy boat towing the light one, and even Sandy Macraw unable to lay his gimblet eye on me. And thus I rowed until quite certain of being over three miles from land. Then with the broad sun rising nobly, and for a moment bowing, till the white fog opened avenues, I spread upon my pole a shirt which mother Jones had washed for me. It was the time when Sandy Macraw was bound to be up to his business; and I had always made a point of seeing that he did it. To have a low fellow of itchy character, and no royal breed about him, thrust by a feeble and reckless government into the berth that by nature was mine, and to find him not content with this, but even in his hours of duty poaching, both day and night after my fish; and when I desired to argue with him, holding his tongue to irritate me, — satisfaction there could be none for it; the only alleviation left me was to rout up this man right early, and allow him no chance of napping.

Therefore, I challenged him with my shirt, thus early in the morning, because he was bound to be watching the world, if he acted up to his nasty business, such as no seaman would deign to; and after a quarter of an hour perhaps, very likely it was his wife that answered. At any rate there was a signal up, and through my spy-glass I saw that people wanted to launch a boat, but failed. Therefore I made a great waving of shirt, as much as to say, "extreme emergency; have the courage to try again." Expecting something good from this, they laid their shoulders, and worked their legs, and presently the boat was bowing on the gently fluted sea.

Now it was not that I wanted help, for I could have managed it all well enough; but I wanted witnesses. For never can I bear to seem to set at nought legality. And these men were sure, upon half-a-crown, to place the facts before the public in an honest manner. So I let them row away for the very lives of them, as if the salvage of the nation hung upon their thumbs and elbows; only I dowed my shirt as soon as I found them getting eager. And I thought that they might as well hail me first, and slope off disappointment.

"Hoy there! Boat ahoy! What, old Davy Llewellyn!"

What man had a right to call me "old"? There I was, as fresh as ever. And I felt it the more that the man who did it was grey on the cheeks with a very large family, and himself that vile old Sandy! Nevertheless I preserved good manners.

"Ship your starboard oars, you lubbers. Do you want to run me down? What the devil brings you here at this time of the morning?" Hereupon these worthy fellows dropped their oars from wonder; until I showed them their mistake, and begged them to sheer off a little. For if I had accepted rope, such as they wished to throw me, they might have put in adverse claims, and made me pay for my own boat!

"When a poor man has been at work all night," said I, to break off their officiousness; "while all you lazy galley-rakers were abed and snoring, can't he put his shirt to dry, without you wanting to plunder him?"

To temper off what might appear a little rude, though wholesome, I now permitted them to see a stoneware gallon full of beer, or at least I had only had two pints out. Finding this to be the case, and being hot with zowing so rapidly to

my rescue, they were well content to have some beer, and drop all further claims. And, as I never can bear to be mean, I gave them the two and sixpence also.

Sandy Macraw took all this money; and I only hope that he shared it duly; and then, as he never seemed at all to understand my contempt of him, he spoke in that dry drawl of his, which he always droned to drive me into very dreadful words, and then to keep his distance.

"I am heartily glad, ma mon, to see the loock ye have encoountered. Never shall ye say agin that I have the advantage of ye. The boit stud me in mickle siller; but ye have grappit a boit for nort."

I cannot write down his outlandish manner of pronouncing English; nor will I say much more about it; because he concealed his jealousy so, that I had no enjoyment of it, except when I reasoned with myself. And I need have expected nothing better from such a self-controlling rogue. But when we came to Porthcawl Point — where some shelter is from wind, and two public-houses, and one private — the whole affair was so straightforward, and the distance of my boat from shore, at time of capture, so established and so witnessed, that no steward of any manor durst even cast sheep's-eyes at her. A paper was drawn up and signed; and the two public-houses, at my expense, christened her "Old Davy." And indeed, for a little spell, I had enough to do with people, who came at all hours of the day, to drink the health of my boat and me; many of whom seemed to fail to remember really who was the one to pay. And being still in cash a little, and so generous always, I found a whole basket of whiting, and three large congers, and a lobster, disappear against chalk-marks, whereof I had no warning, and far worse, no flavour. But what I used to laugh at was, that when we explained to one another how the law lay on this question, and how the craft became legally mine, as a derelict from the Andalusia, drifting at more than a league from land, — all our folk being short and shallow in the English language, took up the word, and called my boat, all over the parish, my "RELICT;" as if, in spite of the Creator's wisdom, I were dead and my wife alive!

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### CONFIDENTIAL INTERCOURSE.

BUT everybody must be tired of all this trouble about that boat. It shows what a state of things we live in, and what a

meddlesome lot we are, that a good man cannot receive a gift straight into his hands from Providence, which never before rewarded him, though he said his prayers every night almost, and did his very best to cheat nobody; it proves, at least to my mind, something very rotten somewhere, when a man of blameless character must prove his right to what he finds. However, I had proved my right, and cut in Colonel Lougher's woods a larger pole than usual, because the law would guarantee me, if at all assaulted.

And truly, after all my care to be on the right side of it, such a vile attack of law was now impending on me, that with all my study of it, and perpetual attempts to jam its helm up almost into the very eye of reason, my sails very nearly failed to draw, and left me shivering in the wind. But first for what comes foremost.

At that particular moment all things seemed to be most satisfactory. Here was my property duly secured and most useful to me, here was a run of fish up from the Mumbles of a very superior character, here was my own reputation spread by the vigilance of the public press, so that I charged three farthings a pound more than Sandy Mac did, and here was my cottage once more all alive with the mirth of our Bunny and Bardie. To see them playing at hide-and-seek with two chairs and a table; or "French and English," which I taught them; or "come and visit my grandmother;" or making a cat of the kettle-holder, with a pair of ears and a tail to it; or giving a noble dinner-party with cockles and oyster-shells, and buttons, and apple-peel chopped finely; or, what was even a grander thing, eating their own dinners prettily with their dolls beside them, — scarcely anyone would have believed that these little ones had no mothers.

And yet they did not altogether seem to be forgetful, or to view the world as if there were no serious side to it. Very grave discourse was sometimes held between their bouts of play, and subjects of great depth and wonder introduced by doll's clothes. For instance: —

"Hasn't 'a got no mama, poor Bunny, to thread 'e needle?"

"No, my dear," I answered, for my grandchild looked stupid about it; "poor Bunny's mother is gone to heaven."

"My mama not gone to heaven. My mama come demorrow-day. I'se almost tired of yaiting, old Davy, but she sure to come demorrow-day."

But as the brave little creature spoke, I

saw that "the dust was in her eyes." This was her own expression always, to escape the reproach of crying, when her lonely heart was working with its misty troubles, and sent the tears into her eyes, before the tongue could tell of them. "Demorrow-day, demorrow-day," all her loss was to be recovered always on "demorrow-day."

Not even so much as a doll had been saved from the total wreck of her fortunes; and when I beheld her wistful eyes set one day upon Bunny's doll — although only fit for hospital, having one arm and one leg and no nose, besides her neck being broken, I set to at once and sharpened my knife upon a piece of sandstone. Then I sought out a piece of abele, laid by from the figure-head of a wrecked Dutchman, and in earnest I fell to, and shaped such a carving of a doll as never was seen before or since. Of course the little pet came, and stood, and watched every chip as I sliced it along, with sighs of deep expectancy, and a laugh when I got to the tail of it; and of course she picked up every one, not only as neatest of the neat, but also accounting them sacred offsets of the mysterious doll unborn. I could not get her to go to bed; and it was as good as a guinea to me to see the dancing in her eyes, and the spring of her body returning.

"'E can make a boofely doll, old Davy; but 'e doesn't know the yay to dess a doll."

"You are quite wrong there," said I, perceiving that I should go up, or down, according to my assertion; and it made her open her eyes to see me cut out, with about five snips, a pair of drawers quite good enough for any decent woman. And she went to bed hugging the doll in that state, and praying to have her improved to-morrow.

At breakfast-time mother Jones dropped in, for she loved a good salt-herring, and to lay down the law for the day almost; as if I knew scarce anything. And I always let her have her talk, and listened to it gravely; and clever women, as a rule, should not be denied of this attention; for if they are, it sours them. While she was sucking the last of the tail, and telling me excellent scandal, my little lady marched in straight, having finished her breakfast long ago, and bearing her new doll pompously. The fly-away colour in her cheeks, which always made her beautiful, and the sparkle of her gleeful eyes, were come again with pleasure, and so was the lovely pink of her lips, and the proper as-

pect of her nose. Also she walked with such motherly rank, throwing her legs with a female jerk — it is enough for me to say that any newly-married woman would have kissed her all round the room.

Now mother Jones, having ten fine children (five male and five female) going about with clothes up to their forks, need not have done what she did, I think, and made me so bashful in my own house. For no sooner did she see this doll, than she cried, "Oh, my!" and covered up her face. The little maid looked up at me in great wonder, as if I were leading her astray; and I felt so angry with Mrs. Jones, after all the things I had seen abroad, and even in English churches, that I would not trust myself to speak. However, to pay her out for that, I begged her to cure the mischief herself, which she could not well decline; and some of the green blind still remaining, Dolly became a most handsome sight, with a crackle in front and a sweeping behind, so that our clerk, a good-natured man, was invited to christen her; and "Patty Green" was the name he gave: and Bunny's doll was nobody. Such a baby-like thing might seem almost below my dignity, and that of all the rest of us; only this child had the power to lead us, as by a special enchantment, back to our own childhood. Moreover, it was needful for me to go through with this doll's birth (still more so with her dress, of course, having her a female), because through her I learned a great deal more of Bardie's history than ever our Bunny could extract.

Everybody who has no patience with the ways of childhood, may be vexed, and must be vexed, with our shipwrecked maid for knowing many things, but not the right; but I think she was to blame, only for her innocence. In her tiny brain was moving some uncertain sense of wrong; whether done by herself, or to her, was beyond her infant groping. If she could have made her mind up, in its little milky shell, that the evil had befallen without harm on her part, doubtless she had done her best to let us know the whole of it. Her best, of course, would be but little, looking at her age and so on; and perhaps from some harsh word or frown, stamped into the tender flux of infantile memory, a heavy dread both darkened and repressed much recollection. Hence, if one tried to examine her, in order to find out who she was, she would shake her head, and say, "No! sompin'." as she always did when puzzled or unable to pronounce a word.

The only chance of learning even any little things she knew, was to leave her to her own way, and not interrupt her conversation with wooden or crockery playmates. All of these she endowed with life, having such power of life herself, and she reckoned them up for good behaviour, or for bad, as the case might be. And often was I touched at heart, after a day of bitter fighting with a world that wronged me, by hearing her in baby-prattle tell her playthings of their unkindness to a little thing with none to love her.

But when I had finished Patty's face up to complete expression, with two black buttons for her eyes, and a cowl for her mouth, and a nose of coral, also a glorious head of hair of crinkled sea-weed growing out of a shell (toothed like an ivory comb almost), the ecstasy of the child was such, that I obtained, as well as deserved, some valuable information.

"Patty Geen, 'e's been aye good," I heard her say in my window-place, one morning after breakfast; "and 'e is the most boofely doll ever seen, and I tell 'a sompin; only 'e mustn't tell anybody, till my dear mama comes. Nat wasn't ickle bother, Patty."

"How do you know, Miss?" Patty inquired, by means of my voice in the distance, and a little art I had learned abroad of throwing it into corners.

"I tell 'a, Patty, I tell 'a. I 'ouldn't tell 'e nasty man, but I tell old Davy some day. Ickle bother not like nat at all. Ickle bother not so big enough, and only two ickle teeth in front, and his hair all gone away it is, but mama say soon come back again."

"And what is little brother's name?" said Patty, in a whisper; "and what is your name, and papa's?"

"Oh 'e silly Patty Geen! As if 'e didn't know I'se Bardie, ever since I was anyfin. And papa, is papa, he is. Patty, I'se kite ashamed of 'a. 'E's such a silly ickle fin!"

"Well, I know I am not very clever, Miss. But tell me some more things you remember."

"I tell 'a, if 'e stop kiet. 'I 'ish 'a many happy turns of the day, Miss Bardie. Many happy turns of the day to 'a! And poor Bardie get off her stool, and say what her dear papa tell. 'Gentleyums, and yadies, I'se aye much obliged to 'a. And then have boofely appledies, and carbies, and a ickle dop of good yiney-piney. Does 'e know 'hot that means, poor Patty?"

"No, my dear, how should I know?"

"'E mustn't call me 'my dear,' I tell 'a. 'E must know 'a's pace in yife. Why, 'e's

only a doll, Patty, and Bardie's a young yady, and a 'streamly 'cocious gal I is, and the gentleyums all say so. Ickle bother can't say nuffin, without me to sow him the yaf of it. But Bardie say almost anyfin; anyfin, when I yikes to ty. Bardie say 'Pomyoleanian dog!'"

This cost her a long breath, and a great effort: but Patty expressed intense amazement at such power of diction, and begged to know something more about that extraordinary animal.

"Pomyoleanian dog is yite, yite all over 'sept his collar, and his collar's boo. And he's got hair that long, Patty, ever so much longer than yours. And he yun yound and yound, he does. Oh, I do so yant my Pomyoleanian dog!"

Patty waited for two great tears to run quietly down two little cheeks; and then she expressed some contempt of the dog, and a strong desire to hear some more about the happy turns of the day.

"Don't 'e be jealous, now, Patty, I tell 'a. 'E ickle yite dog can eat, but 'e can't. And happy turns of the day is yen a geat big gal is two years old with a ickle bother. And he can't say nuffin, 'cos he grow too strong enough, and 'e young yady must reply; and ayebody yooks at 'a, and yaffs, and put 'e gasses up and say, 'Hot a 'cocious ickle fin!' And my dear papa say, 'Hot a good gal!' and mama come and tiss 'a all over a'most, and then 'e all have some more puddeny-pie!"

Overcome with that last memory, she could go no further; and being unable to give her pies, I felt myself bound to abandon any more inquiries. For that child scarcely ever roared, so as to obtain relief; but seemed with a kind of self-control—such as unlucky people form, however early in their lives—) take her troubles inwardly, and to be full to the very lip of them, without the power of spilling. This, though a comfort to other people, is far worse for themselves, I fear. And I knew that she did love pastry rarely; for one day, after a fine pair of soles, I said to the two children, "Now, put your little hands together, and thank God for a good dinner." Bunny did this in a grateful manner; but Bardie said, "No, I 'ont, old Davy; I'll thank God when I gets puddeny-pie."

Upon the whole, I concluded thus, that the little creature was after all (and as might have been expected with any other child almost) too young, in the third year of her age, to maintain any clear ideas of place, or time, or names, or doings, or anything that might establish from her own



words only, whence she came or who she was. However, I now knew quite enough, if the right people ever came to seek for her, to "identify" her, as she expressed it to that stupid Coroner.

Moxy Thomas came to fetch her back to Sker, in a few days' time. I was now resolved to keep her, and she resolved to stay with me — and doubtless I had first right to her. But when I saw poor Moxy's face, and called to mind her desolation, and when she kissed my fishy hand to let her have this comfort, after all the Lord had taken from her, I could not find it in my heart to stand to my own interest. It came across me too that Bardie scarcely thrived on so much fish; and we never had any butcher's-meat, or meat of any kind at all, unless I took shares in a pig, after saving up money for Christmas, or contrived to defend myself against the hares that would run at me so, when I happened to come through a gate at night.

So with a clearly-pronounced brave roar, having more music than Bunny's in it, and enough to wash a great deal of "dust" out of her wofully lingering eyes, away she went in Moxy's arms, with Patty Green in her own looking likely to get wet through. And Bunny stuck her thumbs into my legs, which she had a knack of doing, especially after sucking them; so thus we stood, at our-cottage-door, looking after Bardie; and I took off my hat, and she spread her hand out, in the intervals of woe: and little thought either of us, I daresay, of the many troubles in store for us both.

Only before that grievous parting, she had done a little thing which certainly did amaze me. And if anybody knows the like, I shall be glad to hear of it. I had a snug and tidy locker very near the fireplace, wherein I kept some little trifles; such as Bunny had an eye for, but was gradually broken into distant admiration. One morning I came suddenly in from looking to my night-lines, and a pretty scene I saw. The door of my cupboard was wide open, and there stood little Bardie giving a finishing lick to her fingers.

Bunny also in the corner, with her black eyes staring, as if at the end of the world itself. However, her pinafore was full.

No sooner did my grandchild see me, than she rushed away with shrieks, casting down all stolen goods in agony of conscience. I expected Bardie to do the same; but to my great wonderment up she walked and faced me.

"Must I beat poor Patty Green?" The tears were in her eyes at having to propose so sad a thing. And she stroked the doll to comfort her.

"Beat poor Patty!" said I, in amazement. "Why, what harm has Patty done?"

"Nare she have been, all 'e time, stealing 'a soogar, old Davy!" And she looked at me as if she had done a good turn by the information. I scarcely knew what to do, I declare; for her doll was so truly alive to her, that she might and perhaps did believe it. However, I shut her in my little bed-room, until her heart was almost broken; and then I tried to reason with her, on the subject of telling lies; but she could not understand what they were; until I said what I was forced to do, when I went among bad people.

That evening, after she was gone, and while I was very dull about it, finding poor Bunny so slow and stupid, and nothing to keep me wide awake — there I was bound to be wide awake, more than at Petty Sessions even, when mine enemies throng against me. For almost before I had smoked two pipes, or made up my mind what to do with myself, finding a hollow inside of me, the great posting-coach from Bridgend came up, with the sun setting bright on its varnish, and at my very door it stopped. Next to the driver sat a constable who was always unjust to me; and from the inside came out first Justice Anthony Stew of Pen Coedd, as odious and as meddlesome a justice of the peace as ever signed a warrant; and after him came a tall elderly gentleman, on whom I had never set eyes before, but I felt that he must be a magistrate.

It is stated on the authority of the *Levant Herald* that a valuable relic of antiquity has lately been discovered in the grounds of the Russian pilgrims' monastery outside the walls of Jerusalem. It is a shaft cut out of a single block and only half complete. From a description in the history of Flavius Josephus it is be-

lieved to be a column intended for the decoration of the ancient Temple of Solomon; but that, as the column split while it was being worked, it was left unfinished, the lower part of it remaining in a rough unbewn state. The monolith is about thirty-nine feet in length by six in diameter.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
FRENCH SERVANTS.

SERVANTS constitute one of those awkward topics of which nobody likes to talk: which are alluded to because they force themselves obstinately upon our attention, but from which we all run away as fast as we can, without attempting to find a solution for the difficulties they present. Such cowardice does not help us, however, for servants and the worries they cause pursue us all over the world, unaffected by changes of latitude or of government. They are not imposed upon us by nature, we voluntarily subject ourselves to them, and of all the tyrannies to which civilization and vanity have made us bow our heads, there is not one from which we suffer more, or which we are less able to resist. Even habit, that soother of discomforts—even time, that curer of sorrows—even reason, that guide which we consider so infallible in religion and politics, fail to reconcile us to servants: we continue to impatiently support them,—we live side by side with them as with hereditary enemies; and the more advanced amongst us complain of the slow progress of mechanical invention, which has not yet discovered the secret of the automata who make the beds and wait at dinner in that privileged country, *Vril-ya*.

But, irritating as the topic may be—humiliating as it is to recognize that we are not masters in our own houses, and that one of the most evident results of the progress achieved during the nineteenth century is that, in fact, we have grown to be abject subjects where in theory, we are supposed to be despotic rulers—surely there is no wisdom in evading discussion on the matter. The evil has become well-nigh intolerable to most of us; it has assumed a development which encircles us day and night. We writhe, we moan, in a suffocated whisper, to our dearest friend; but, with all our energy, we dare not speak out, and we let the monster go on, growing bigger, crushing us under his nightmare-weight. And yet we have social science congresses, and we live in a country of public meetings and individual initiative, and we are a free people—at least we say so—and we are surrounded by reformers of all kinds, and we sing and conscientiously believe that "Britons never shall be slaves." The clearest fact which results from all this is, that the patriot who wrote "*Rule Britannia*" was a short-sighted man, who in no way foresaw the future destiny of the nation. Slaves we have become, and, to judge from present

appearances, we seem likely to continue so. We clink our chains, and mourn, and own that they are cruelly heavy, and that they eat into our flesh, but there is not a man or a woman amongst us who has raised the cry of liberty. If ever the odious question is alluded to, it is only for an instant; no one dares to seriously take it up; and if, at any peculiarly bitter moment, the provocation should become insupportable, and some desperate sufferer writes wildly to the newspapers to say that he is going mad or dying from domestic difficulties, the only answer he gets is a wise and prudent leader, proving, by commanding logic, that the whole affair is one of proportion between demand and supply. He is told that, in consequence of the general increase of wealth, more people are able to pay for servants on the one hand, while fewer people are willing to become servants on the other; that our wants are growing, while the means of supplying them are diminishing; and that, some day or other, there will be no more servants to be found—just as we are assured that in 1931 there will be no more coal. Of a possible solution of the difficulty, in part at least, not one word will be said; to a possible modification of the existing relations between masters and servants not an allusion will be made; and to the experience of foreign countries in the matter, in order to consider whether it offers any teaching to ourselves, not a reference will be suggested; the latter notice, indeed, would be beneath the dignity of a true-born Englishman, who knows, of course, that however bad things may be in his own land, they are necessarily worse abroad. Let us, however, sacrifice our dignity for a few minutes, and see what we can discover across the Channel: if, after all, we should learn something there, perhaps we may decide to condescend to see what use we can make of it at home. Our malady is so grave that it really is worth while to inquire if it exists elsewhere; if so, what are its symptoms, its causes, and its consequences, and what are the remedies prescribed for it in other cases than our own.

We all of us remember our first impression of French servants: it was that both men and women wear white aprons which cover up their bodies, and that the sexes are mainly distinguished by pumps and white stockings which come out under the apron in the case of a man, and by the crispest of white caps which comes out above it in the case of a woman: we further recollect that both men and women seemed to chatter with prodigious rapidity,

and that they laughed most disrespectfully while they were talking to us. It must be owned that a good many British travellers never get beyond this first impression, and that their view of the domestics of France is limited to the details just indicated. It may be said without exaggeration that this view is superficial and incomplete, and that the subject includes something more than aprons, pumps, caps, volubility, and hilarity. Furthermore, the ordinary voyager, however far he may attempt to carry his investigations of the inner nature of hotel and *café* servants, has no opportunity of extending his studies into private houses, where the true interest of the matter lies; he is forcedly restricted to a narrow and inferior range of observation, which offers the special disadvantage of including only individuals who, by constant contact with the public, have acquired the special habits and the special manners which belong to their particular class, and which are very different from those of their colleagues in private service. The natural result is, that the traveller who has no other means of judging, arrives at an opinion which, even if it be correct in itself, refers only to a limited and exceptional category of domestics. That opinion generally is that French servants of both sexes, are clean, active, cheery, and willing; but that they are utterly disrespectful, and are generally of doubtful honesty, and of still more doubtful morality. This description is approximately exact. There are, of course, numerous exceptions to it in all its elements, and it allows no margin for the infinite varieties and shades of character which are so abundantly developed amongst waiters, and chambermaids by the mere effect of the life they lead; but with these reserves, the opinion may be said to be, on the whole, a true one. It represents the maximum of experience acquired on the subject by the infinite majority of our countrymen; and it may perhaps be fair to own at once that in itself it is not of a nature to dispose them to recognize any superiority of French servants over English. It must, however, be observed, that English people unconsciously compare the hotel waiters they meet with across the Channel to their own servants at home; and that if the decision is, not unnaturally, in favour of the latter, it is because they have at all events the merit of knowing the delicate details of their trade better than the dish-carriers and floor-scrubbers who cumulate so many varied functions in most French inns. But if, instead of putting the latter into scale

against British butlers, we honestly weigh them out with their parallels in England with the greasy-coated, dough-faced, perspiringly important, pretentious "parties" who serve us in the hotels of the United Kingdom—we must acknowledge, if we tell the truth, that the advantage lies with the supple Gaul, who has no pride, is rarely out of temper, is everywhere at once, can do thirteen things at the same time, and looks clean even if he is not so. Solemn respectability, massive inactivity, and grubby dirt, cannot be said to really constitute a smart servant; ubiquity, indefatigable zeal, and a cheery laugh, are higher qualities, even if they be accompanied by the sauciness and familiarity which Englishmen so ruthlessly resent.

Here, however, arises a second difficulty in the way of our just appreciation of French servants. We are so accustomed to sham in this island-realm, that we insist upon it in every detail of our existence. We do not permit our servants to manifest an opinion before us; we extort from them simulated respect; we impose upon them the obligation of utter silence in our redoubtable presence; we forbid them to be men or women with hearts and feelings, and only accept them as machines because we are too superb to do anything whatever for ourselves. It never occurs to us that we may perchance be rousing bitter hate in the minds we crush; that we may be piling up unpardonable enmities against ourselves and our class; that we may, each of us in our sphere of action, be fomenting social divisions which will some day bring about the revolution which all Europe says we shall have to support in our turn. We laugh contemptuously at Europe—of course we know our own affairs better than ignorant foreigners—and we go on sternly keeping up our dignity and grinding down our servants. It is useless to argue from exceptions, and to talk about "faithful retainers who have been in the family for forty years." Faithful retainers no longer constitute the mass of English households, though there are still many of them in Scotland; and we are so thoroughly accustomed, south of the Tweed, to treat our men and maids as our inferiors before God and man, and to the prostrate servility which we wring from them, that the audacious freedom of the French seems to us to be contrary to the highest and noblest laws of nature. Of course this is not true of every one of us; there are kind masters and gentle mistresses, in England: but who will deny that the rule is the other way, and that nearly all of us are neces-

sarily influenced in our judgment of foreign servants by the habits which we have formed for ourselves at home? Still we are a tolerably well-intentioned race; some of us really want to be fair and honest, and, despite our prejudices and our ignorance, we do not always refuse to give our attention to new arguments, because the facts on which they are based shock our sentiments of propriety. It may not, therefore, be altogether useless to attempt to show, that possibly the Frenchman may be right and the Englishman wrong in this grave question; that a certain liberty of attitude, a certain sincerity of speech, a certain recognition of mutual equality, may not only induce a higher moral tone in the relations between masters and servants, but may, incredible as it sounds to English ears, actually improve the value and utility of the servant.

And there is another reason for considering this element of the question. It is difficult to critically appreciate the French servant in his various aspects, without first defining the political conditions under which he lives. Since 1789 he has legally been the equal of his master; since 1830 he has slowly grown to a distinct consciousness of the theoretical equality which exists between himself and the family he serves; since 1851 he has become an elector like his master and his master's son, and has as much action as they have on the destinies of France. In the consequences they produce, these conditions apply as thoroughly to women-servants as to men; and though the greater subtleness and tact of the female mind render their manifestation more difficult to seize with precision, the sentiment of non-inferiority to her mistress is as really embedded in the heart of a cook or a *femme de chambre*, as in the brain of a Radical footman or a Communist groom. The difference is, that the woman feels it and the man thinks it; with one it is an instinct, with the other it is a conviction; but in both cases it lifts up the level of personal dignity, it generally softens manners, and renders the heart more capable of good feeling towards a master whose superiority is only admitted as an accident, and in no way as an inherent right. This, however, is but the ideal view of the case; this is the aspect which it ought to present if everybody were good — the aspect which it really does offer in a great many cases, but not in all. There are numerous examples of a diametrically opposite result, where the sentiment of equality raises hatred instead of sympathy in the servant's mind, on the ground that it is but

a name and a delusion, and that the rights and duties which equality is supposed to imply are realized on neither side. Still looking at the question as a whole, throughout all France, it is incontestable, allowing largely for exceptions, that the levelling of classes has done vast good; it has helped to raise the moral and political value of each individual affected by it, and has certainly contributed to the consolidation of the conservative principles which are now so widely spread amongst French servants. The material effect of the idea of equality — that is to say, its influence on the personal relations between master and servant — naturally varies with character and temperament; but there is no exaggeration in saying that, as a rule, it makes home-life more agreeable.

At first sight it is difficult for an Englishman even to conceive that a servant can, in any shape or way, be on a par with his master; the mere fact that one serves the other is, according to the prejudices in which we are brought up, an absolute bar to equality of any kind. The consequence is, that we regard the idea as a democratic dream, or, at best, as a legal fiction which is not realized in the practical working out of life. In this we are wrong, as in many other of our appreciations of foreign existence. Equality between master and man is a reality in France, but it is an equality of a special character, which evidences itself in a peculiar manner. It in no way involves a shade of doubt as to the temporary superiority of the employer over the employed; it in no way diminishes the habitual deference and respect of manner which is expected from a servant; it in no way affects the privilege of the master to command, or the duty of the servant to obey; but it maintains intact between the two the pre-existing abstract truth that in morals and in law one is as good as the other; it preserves unweakened and undisputed an anterior privilege which is above all momentary relations; it covers the dignity of the server towards the served, and keeps them both assured that directly they separate their relative positions will once more become identical — not, of course in the passing accident of social rank, but in the universal bond of common humanity. Hence it is that we see French masters so often friendly with their servants; hence it is that we hear them talk together about the affairs of the family; hence it is that service in France so frequently assumes almost the form of affectionate intimacy. In England we should fear, if we consulted

a servant's opinion, that we should thereby destroy the barrier which we think it necessary to maintain between him and us; in France there is no barrier to destroy—there is only a tacit recognition of a momentary connection, which, while it lasts, suspends equality. The master sacrifices nothing in chatting and laughing with his servant, for he feels that behind the servant lies the man: the servant gains nothing by the act, for he considers it to result from a fundamental right of which the exercise is temporarily regulated by the obedience which he voluntarily incurred when he accepted his place. Surely this is a far higher standard than the one we employ; surely there is here the indication of a possible remedy for the ills we suffer from; surely an appeal to mutual dignity would help us in our own households.

But this definition of the nature of the equality in question would be far too absolute if it were left without restrictions. It is fair and true enough in principle, but human weaknesses terribly modify it in practice. It is not everybody who possesses tact or sense enough to apply with skill and moderation the admitted truth that differences of station are but the results of hazard, and involve no difference in reality. Bad tempers are not unfrequent across the Channel, and bad tempers are bad guides to obedience, where obedience is only a temporary duty, which can be cast aside at any moment. Sudden ruptures are therefore not unfrequent in France; a dispute may grow out of nothing, and in five minutes your servant may tell you that he packs up his box and goes. Such precipitate separations are not possible in England, where a month's notice must be given, and where servants are absolutely dependent on their "character from their last place;" but in France, where the notice is reduced to eight days, with the option on either side of paying eight days' wages instead of notice, and where servants generally get places almost without any references at all, they have little to fear from an instantaneous abandonment of a situation. This part of the subject will be again referred to presently; but this allusion to it shows that the sentiment of equality, coupled with the liberty of action which the law allows, may produce very disagreeable commotions in a well-organized house, and that it is quite possible that all your servants may leave you without warning on the very day you have selected for a large dinner-party. Such an extreme case as

this may possibly never have occurred; but if ever it did, it may be asserted with certainty that it was the master's fault; for in the largest experience no example can be found of an entire household leagu- ing and quitting together without good reason. But in almost every family isolated instances of sudden departure have occurred, where the cook has flung her saucepans into the air, or the *valet de chambre* has thrown down his broom, or the lady's-maid has sworn she will sew no more. Such facts prove that the French system is not perfect, and that French servants are not always pleasant; but they are exceptions—the rule is the other way; and those individual cases cannot be urged as serious arguments against the theory of equality, or the practices which derive from it. They only show that we are not all of us worthy of the advantages we possess; but as we knew that already, we could dispense with this additional evidence, especially as it is only supplied at the cost of considerable inconvenience to French masters and mistresses, who, from better education and more command of temper, are generally less to blame than their servants for any violent scene which may take place between them.

The merits of the equality theory are more numerous than its defects. Not only does it permit and encourage, as has been already observed, a sympathetic and friendly nature of relations between the two parties to it, but, as a consequence of those relations, it provokes in the servant a real interest in the people with whom he lives; it disposes him to serve cheerily and well; it takes out of his heart the sting of paid inferiority; it encourages him to view his work more as a service which is thankfully recognized, than as menial labour performed for wages; it lifts him to Conservatism. Such feelings as these really do exist amongst many French servants: not that they see them clearly enough in their own heads to be able to define and analyze them; no, they take the simpler form of half-unconscious impulses, of which one sees the result rather than the cause; but the result is so unmistakable and so general that it authorizes the spectator to conclude that the cause exists. If general conclusions do not satisfy us, and we seek to confirm them by individual proofs, we find them in abundance around us; curious developments of character offer themselves for investigation; the better qualities seem to have grown to the surface; we learn that old defects have diminished or disappeared



and all this seems natural and unimportant to the people directly interested. But to the philosophical observer it furnishes a glimpse into the only probable solution of the social difficulties of our time; it shows what can be effected by mutual esteem and a mutual recognition of rights. While nearly all France is agitated by the aspirations of the producing classes, while the workmen in the cities are openly avowing their intention of suppressing everything above them, and while the peasants are as openly proclaiming that the land should solely belong to those who till it, we find in the one class of domestic servants absolutely opposite opinions and desires. They are educated upwards, not only by the daily contact of masters who treat them well, but by the effective application, in their case, of the theory of equality: they have learnt by experience that they have nothing to gain by revolutions; they offer us the only example which yet exists in France of the possibility of practically settling the war of classes. It is true that they are utterly unconscious that they have done anything of the sort. A Parisian *femme de chambre* would smilingly reply, "Monsieur mocks at me," if you were to tell her that she is a great political fact, that her affection for the family she serves is a social argument, and that if she hates Communism as much as her mistress does, it is because she has been in a position which has enabled her to grow through Communism into the safer ground beyond. And yet all this is true,—none the less true because the white-capped maiden does not comprehend a word of it. All she knows is that Madame is kind to her, and that she likes Madame.

It certainly cannot be fairly said that the "I'm-as-good-as-you-are" feeling is demonstrated in an offensive form by French servants. They do laugh sometimes, that is true; but why should they not? Laughing is one of the highest privileges of humanity. If, resolutely discarding early prejudice, we try to get to the bottom of the question, can we honestly pretend that, with the exception of the habit which our will and pride have imposed upon him, there is any reason whatever why a servant should not laugh? There would be considerable inconvenience and impropriety in his joining in all our conversations, and laughing at all our stories; but in the measure which our relative positions permit (which the French servant generally has discrimination enough to exactly detect), what possible logic can we use against his right to

smile? In France it is one of the manifestations of his equality with you; and the masters who forbid their servants to laugh in their presence (there are some) are abhorred in return, and will stand a bad chance if ever they should need protection from them. But if he laughs, it is not so familiarly; he is even grateful to you for permitting him to do it: for it should be observed that, after all, however much he may be convinced that he is your equal, he always has a lurking doubt about it, so strong is the influence of first education. He laughs courteously, slightly bowing to you as if to somewhat excuse himself, and the instant you cease to laugh he stops too. The master who cannot stand that must have an over-sensitive, ill-conditioned mind. And even if the French servant does a little shock you by the total absence in his manner of the icy servility to which you have become accustomed at home, surely he makes up for that shortcoming by the peculiar deference which is indicated by his invariably speaking to you in the third person. To those who have learnt to really appreciate this form of speech it constitutes the profoundest manifestation of modern respect; and the French, in their turn, are infinitely astonished to hear an English butler call his master "you." The suppression of "*vous*" and the substitution of "Monsieur" is not a very easy habit to acquire; but in no decent house in France would a servant of either sex be allowed to stay ten minutes, if he or she ventured to use the second person in speaking to master, mistress, or visitors. This form of speech is one of the temporary concessions of his personal dignity which the servant consents to make while he is in your house; but he must be a very good fellow indeed, and have retained very considerable regard for you, if he continues to do it for one instant after he has left your service. At that moment the servant vanishes; the man and the elector reappear; away goes "Monsieur," and back comes "you;" and most disagreeable it is to listen to.

So far we have been thinking only of general principles, and of the main forms in which they are manifested. So far it has been easy enough to lay down definitions and draw deductions. But when we begin to go into details and study individuals, we almost fancy at first that all our definitions and all our deductions are bottomless and valueless. We find such an incredible variety of types and subtypes, such countless shades of character, such an infinity of differing results from

apparently similar causes, that we are almost tempted to exclaim that the developments of human nature amongst French servants follow no law whatever, and that it is nonsense to pretend to determine their origin or their object. But the mere fact that these developments exist at all is in itself a proof that they are brought about by some action peculiar to France; for we see nothing in any way resembling them in England, where servants, like all other orders of society, are made on one remorseless pattern, from which no one is allowed to deviate one inch. The striking individuality of the French servant is simply another consequence of the equality of classes: he is not bound to copy a rigorous model—he is permitted to be himself; he profits by the permission, and so produces the bewildering contradictions which we observe in him. When this explanation is once admitted, it enables us to reconcile our preconceived theories with the varying facts which we successively discover; indeed it confirms and strengthens these theories by showing how intense is the effect of the equality system, and how specially it favours the growth of idiosyncrasies which any other atmosphere would stifle. We find all the qualities and all the defects, many of them coexisting in the same person; and we see them all the more distinctly, because, as a rule, they are evident on the surface, for there is no repression sufficient to keep them down. The fact is, that French servants are natural human beings, not made to rule, and we detect their peculiarities with singular ease, for the double reason that they have not received education enough to voluntarily hide them, and that the observer who lives side by side with them all day has better opportunities of examining them than are offered to him by other classes with which he is in less intimate connection. Perhaps the strangest of the many odd peculiarities which come to light during an investigation of the nature of indoor servants across the Channel, is the facility with which most of them are able to suit themselves to the tone of the family in which they are for the moment placed. They seem to possess a special grace of adaptation, which doubtless is but an expansion of the imitative power which the entire nation possesses in so marked a degree. They fit themselves everywhere and to everybody; they get the measure of a new situation in a couple of days, and either give it up or take kindly to it according to their mental disposition; but if they do

take to it, they accept the life of the house with thoroughness, however different it may be from that which they may have been leading elsewhere. This is particularly true of Paris servants, who form a class by themselves, far less worthy but far more interesting than that formed by the mass of steadier men and women who do the country work. In Paris the servants change their places with an ease which would be impossible if families would but join together to adopt the English system of "characters." So long as masters seeking servants are content with written certificates (which French law obliges you to give to a departing servant, and which contain no kind of real information), the present wretched system will go on flourishing, and thieves and drunkards will go on shifting from house to house, getting kicked out everywhere, but getting taken on somewhere else directly. On this point the whole organization in Paris is totally rotten; and though it is always possible to learn all about a candidate by asking him where he comes from, and going there to inquire, the trouble is rarely taken. In the provinces, on the contrary, servants have much difficulty in getting places, unless they can supply full and satisfactory information as to their antecedents. The natural result is, that whereas in the country you may find plenty of old servants, there are few such to be discovered inside the walls of Paris. The rule there is, that "servants change places as if they were gloves;" and though there are admirable exceptions, those exceptions only prove the rule. The country servant is content with the life of the house she lives in; the Paris servant, man or woman, frequently leads two separate lives, the second of which begins at night when work is over. The organization of servants' bedrooms, which are always placed together on the top floor of the Paris houses, facilitates all sorts of illicit practices. The thirty servants, male and female, of the different tenants of a large house, are all packed on the sixth story in thirty numbered rooms; each one has his key, and can either receive, by the *escalier de service*, all the visits which he or she may please, or may go out to visit other sixth floors. The liberty is absolute after bedtime; the master and the mistress can exercise no control, even if they wished to do so; and servants must be good indeed if they do not utilize the freedom which is thus flung at their feet. No sight in Paris more astonishes our Englishwomen than to be taken up to one of those huge attics,

and to be led along the wandering corridors, past endless yellow doors, all exactly alike, and only distinguished by the number on them. It is a saddening spectacle; the place looks almost like a prison, but it is the very opposite; grooms and *femmes de chambre*, footmen and kitchen-maids, cooks and coachmen, English house-maids and foreign visitors, are turned loose there every night, to sleep, or to divert themselves as they may best please. This is mournful and degrading, but habit seems to make the Parisians blind to it. If they are spoken to seriously on it, they say, "O yes, it really is very wrong, but it is the system; and what can we do to change it?" Of course this is not the case in private "hotels;" but it is the universal rule in houses let out in apartments, where the only servants who ever sleep down-stairs in the apartment itself are the nurses who have charge of young children, or perhaps a maid who remains near her mistress in case she should be wanted during the night. With such liberty as this it is wonderful that Paris servants should be so good as they are. There are scamps enough amongst them, but there are a great many excellent creatures too, and quantities of brave girls who stick to their religious duties, and get up in the early morning to go to mass, and who walk to their beds down those foul corridors with their eyes straight before them, and their ears resolutely closed, like little saints that no temptation can touch. Those are the people who counterbalance the cooks that rob you, and the valets who smash your glasses, and the coachmen who provide for their children by selling your oats. And amongst the men there are good fellows too; cheery, handy, honest, willing, and clean, ready and able to do everything; men who can prepare a dessert, flowers included, for a dinner of forty covers; can cook a breakfast on an emergency; can varnish boots so as to shame the brightness of the sun; can darn your socks on a journey; can clean rooms better than a British housemaid; can nurse you when you are ill; and can often give you wise advice. With men of this class liberty does not constitute a danger; they do not abuse it; they are generally indifferent to it, because they have it—as pastry-cooks' girls and grocers' boys are indifferent to the tarts and sugar which surround them.

It seems probable that Paris servants can be taught by wise masters to respect their freedom, and to make an honest use

of it; at least this opinion certainly results from an examination of the totally different effects produced in different houses. In some establishments the servants are always changing, and are always out at night; in others the self-same people stop for years, and go regularly to bed at ten o'clock. How can this seeming contradiction be explained otherwise than by the influence of the master, and by the degree of contentment which he instils into the mind of his man? "Le maitre fait le valet." Singularly enough, the mistress does not always seem to exercise the same improving power over the women-servants, for when the latter have once got into the swing of bad habits it is almost impossible to cure them. This may or may not prove that when women have grown vicious they are more radically so than men are; and, anyhow, that is outside our present subject: but it is a partial explanation of the fact that the class of servants which it is most difficult to keep is that of *femmes de chambre*. Men of all kinds usually hesitate a little before they give warning, for changing is a nuisance to them as well as to their masters; but Paris ladies'-maids shift about as easily as butterflies in a garden. And yet these very women, with all their capriciousness, do not go in for vanity or its satisfactions; they never wear their mistress's dresses, or set up for sham ladies, as do English women of their class. The spectacle which is so abundant at the West End of London on a Sunday afternoon, when the streets are filled with ridiculous creatures out for half a day, who imagine that they disguise their position in life by the flashy clothes they wear, but who simply make themselves thereby vulgar and contemptible, is unknown in Paris or in any part of France. The French maid is ceasing to wear caps in the street, and is adopting bonnets—that, unhappily, is true; but she dresses like what she is, respectably; and however we may deplore the gradual disappearance out of doors of the type of twenty years ago, we still find it inside the houses, where the maid's white apron and the bright cap with its starched strings continue to exist in all their merit. The French maid goes after love, not vanity; but even love does not render her less thrifty; and, like all other servants of her race, she lays by regularly: at two-and-twenty she has a small account at the savings bank; and at thirty she possesses five railway debentures or a little *rente*; and if she does not marry, she has stored up, by the time she is an old woman, a few hundred pounds, and can go back to her

village to end her days in peace. The men do just the same, and the economizing prudent spirit of the nation is almost as evident in them as in the miserly peasants who live on nothing but black bread, but who have a long stocking full of gold hidden away under a tile in the floor.

The general characteristics of French private servants may be said to be activity, cleanly aspect, cheery temper, simplicity, and economy; but, as has been already explained, they present the most varied types and forms, and it is useless to attempt to bring them all within the terms of any absolute description. It is true that the distinctions between the various provinces, which were real enough a quarter of a century ago, are fast disappearing under the levelling influence of railways. The external differences which may still be observed amongst servants, from Dunkerque to Bayonne, and thence to Nice, are now almost solely physical and linguistic. There are still discrepancies in *patois* and in physiognomy, but all the rest has grown pretty much alike; we must go far into Brittany to discover even a relic of special costume. The equalization of the wants of masters all over the country has outwardly brought about a corresponding equalization in the appearance and in the knowledge and capacity of the servants who minister to these wants; the spread of education and the constantly-growing facilities of communication will still further develop this tendency, and local peculiarities will soon have entirely disappeared. There will still, however, remain the radical distinction which exists between the town and country servant; and however much the influences now at work may unify the aspect of the nation, they will never entirely destroy the individuality of each member of it. For these two reasons it is improbable that it will ever be possible to write a complete monography of French servants; the subject is too large, too infinitely varied, and too delicately shaded, for any observer to be able to seize it in all its parts: all he can do is to look at it as a whole, and to note the particular details which may happen to come before his eye: no experience, however large, will enable him to effect more. And as, unfortunately, the exaggerations of the object he is studying are far more evident than its finer and more hidden elements, he will be unconsciously led to describe exceptions (all exaggerations are exceptions), instead of limiting himself to the far more difficult task of delineating the subtle differences which compose the aver-

age whole. This is particularly true of Paris servants, whose eccentricities are more conspicuous than their virtues, and whose defects are more striking than their merits. It is rare enough to hear a Parisian say that his servant is a good fellow; on the contrary, he is generally ready to tell stories against him. This is not only ingratitude but folly. It is only explainable by the unceasing disposition of the French to discover something to laugh at, even though it be on a matter of keen interest to themselves. It is true that servants, particularly men, do often act in a way which is curious even in the land of equality, fraternity, and free opinions, and that the temptation to publish their sayings and doings is sometimes irresistible. A few examples may not be out of place here.

A rich tradesman, who lived in a great house, and spent tons of money, was concluding before the siege a negotiation with a servant who had just left the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia. Everything was agreed on, and the master was on the point of saying, "Very well, then, come on Monday," when the man interrupted him with this communication: "There is one thing that I must observe to Monsieur;—having lived with Monsieur le Duc, I am accustomed to high society; and though I have now consented to take the direction of the house of Monsieur, I must warn Monsieur that I can announce no visitor without a title; consequently Monsieur will have the goodness to understand that I shall usher in everybody as a Count or a Marquis, even though it be the bootmaker or the father-in-law of Monsieur."

Another man, who had been for some months in his place, came to his master one morning and informed him that "the difference of political opinions which existed between them rendered it impossible for him to continue his service."

A third had a mania for directing all the acts of his mistress. If she were going to give a ball, he would come privately to her and say, "Madame would do well not to give that ball; Madame is not rich, and Madame knows that balls are very expensive, and that she may ruin herself." If, on the contrary, she were going to a ball elsewhere, the argument would be: "Is it prudent for Madame to go to a ball? Madame is not accustomed to wear low dresses: Madame might catch a cold, and the cold might become bronchitis; and Madame might die, to the grief of everybody for everybody loves Madame." Another time Madame

will say to him, "Who rang the bell just now?" He answers, "It was Madame's mother, who had something very pressing to say to Madame; but as I was sure it would tire Madame, I told Madame's mother that Madame was not at home."

A cook comes for orders for the dinner, and is told to provide, amongst other things, a leg of mutton: she replies. "A leg of mutton! Madame appears to entirely forget that Pierre" (the footman). "does not at all like mutton."

Such impudence as these examples indicate, is, however, singularly rare. The respect which they have for themselves generally, induces French servants to respect their masters; and a thousand absurd stories, however historically true they may be, would not affect the general fact that courtesy, not impertinence, is the distinctive sign of the class which we are examining. Sobriety is another of its real qualities, not only in drinking, but in eating also. Intoxication has never been a Gallic vice: it appeared temporarily in Paris during the siege and the Commune, but since the peace, all public symptoms of it have vanished. Servants scarcely ever drink, and they mainly feed on dishes would be thrown into the dust-hole by the occupants of an English kitchen. White haricots and lentils, vegetable soups, and the most elementary forms of beef and mutton, are very nourishing, but they are scarcely tempting. The argument that such articles are cheap, and that servants ought not to be so expensively fed as their masters are, would scarcely go down in a British servants'-hall, but it is admitted and applied all over France, where the economy of the kitchen is partly based on the simplicity of the servants' dinners, and where, as a rule, there is no complaining on the subject.

Adaptability is another great merit of both men and women. They are able and willing to do each other's work: none of them would ever dream of saying, "It's not my place to do it." If there be any reason for it, a cook will clean the drawing-room, a footman will cook the dinner, a lady's-maid will black the boots, without any growling, and rather as fun than other wise. English servants seem to entertain a sort of contempt for each other's functions, and to look upon any momentary exchange of them as being degrading to their dignity. They condemn the notion of learning anything they don't know particularly cookery; altogether forgetting that, if they marry, they will have to prepare their own food, and that it might be

useful to learn a little about it beforehand. The French, on the contrary, are so versatile, so imitative, so eager to pick up scraps of knowledge, that they are always ready to try their hand at a new occupation. A good man-servant always knows a little of carpentry and upholstery, can mend a broken lock, can sew, can fry and stew, can bottle wine, and make beds, and dust rooms, as if he had been born for nothing else. The women — most of them at least — can do all the sorts of women's work, have some small idea of doctoring and of the use of medicines, can wash and iron, and wait at table. Never was the notion of being "generally useful" more clearly understood or more gaily practised than by the better part of the Paris servants, and by country servants almost without exception. And when your household is an old one; when you have had the luck to get together a group which does not quarrel; when the duration of service in your house begins to count by years; when the heart has grown interested on both sides, — then you find out what French servants are capable of being. Then, when sorrow comes, when sickness and death are inside your walls — then you get the measure of the devotion which equality alone can produce. Then come long nights spent together watching by feverish bed-sides, in mutual anguish and with mutual care; then come tears that are shed together over the common loss, and hands that wring yours with the earnestness of true affection; and afterwards, when you are calm enough to think, you recognize that those servants are indeed your friends. Such cases are unfrequent in Paris, though even there they are sometimes found; but in the country they are ordinary enough.

One more distinctive feature of the French servant is that you are his master; he is not yours. The understanding on which he comes to you is, that though he is abstractly your equal, he suspends all pretension to real equality while he is in your service. The fact that he can put an end to this suspension when he likes, encourages him to support it while it lasts. The English servant is always struggling to maintain his imaginary dignity by sticking out for the infinitely small privileges which by degrees, and under the pressure of necessity, have been conferred upon him. The Frenchman, feeling that his rights as a man are absolutely on a par with those of his master, attaches vastly less importance to his rights as a servant, and is consequently ready to do whatever



you ask, provided only you ask in a way which pleases him. The result is, that though servants are considered in France quite as much as they are in England, the consideration takes a different form. In England, no mistress would venture to disturb her servant at his dinner: in France, she would unceremoniously send him out, if necessary, on an errand of two hours between his soup and his meat, and the man would go cheerily and without a growl. He does this because he knows that, if he fell ill, that same mistress would tend him with her own hands; that her children would come and read to him: and that he would receive the signs of sympathy which indicate mutual regard. Of course none of these descriptions have any universal application; France contains plenty of bad masters and plenty of bad servants; but what is absolutely true is, that, as a rule, the French servant is capable not only of rendering the highest class of service in all its details, and in the most varied forms, but also of rendering that service with a natural simplicity and matter-of-course interest which doubles its value. His conduct depends partly on his own temper, but still more on the attitude of his master towards him. The secret of the French servant lies in the way he is handled. He is susceptible of a good deal of education; he may be developed to a high standard of ability in his trade, and to sincere devotion to his master. If he becomes a scamp, it is ordinarily because he has been entirely neglected by the people he serves. It may, however, be said, to the honour of many French families, that their system of action at home is to try to make the best of the material at their disposal. They recognize that the science of living is worthy of study and close pursuit; that it is, like happiness, an object which needs tender nursing and constant watchfulness; that there is no error greater than to suppose that it will necessarily go on by itself like a clock that is just wound up; and that to maintain it in its best form it is essential to keep it incessantly in view, and to modify its treatment as its conditions change. This is the true philosophy of home-life; this is an act in which the French excel, and in which they are singularly aided by the supple plasticity of their servants.

Beyond the general definitions which have already been expressed here, no résumé of the subject can be safely attempted; indeed, it may be that, in seeking to approach precision, these definitions are too absolute. Still, though inapplicable

as a law, they are certainly fairly exact, and they correctly express general tendencies even if they do not correctly express facts. Nothing more can be attempted; the matter is too vast, and its elements are too infinitely varied.

And now that we have looked through the nature and the conduct of French servants — now that we have recognized their situation in society and their relations towards their masters — let us come back to our starting-point, and ask ourselves what lesson we can learn, what teaching we can apply, from the experience we have gained. If we are honest, we shall surely recognize that the moral position of servants is higher in France than it is in England, that no abandonment of dignity is required from them, that mutual respect is the general basis of the connection between them and their employers. We shall further acknowledge that the Frenchman, from his sobriety, his gay temper, his willingness, and his usually extensive capabilities, is, on the whole, a pleasanter and more useful servitor than the average of Englishmen. It can scarcely be said that all these differences spring solely from peculiarities of national temperament, and that the Frenchman is what he is solely because he is a Frenchman. That, of course, supplies a partial explanation of the question; but there are other far more potent causes at work. If it were possible to sum up those causes in one word, we should have no alternative but to say that the principal defects of English servants, and the grave difficulties which their exigencies have created during the last thirty years, are due to the vanity of their masters. Surrounded on all sides by the aspirations and the discontent of the lower classes, the English persist in regulating their servants by rules of vanity. They screw them down, they keep them at a haughty distance, they remind them many times a-day that they are absolute inferiors. The natural result is, that the English servant gives what he is bound to give, but no more; he offers nothing of his own accord, for he has engaged his body, not his heart. He lives in a state of permanent secret resentment. He does not rebel, because the moment has not come for that; but if ever he should get a chance hereafter, he will fix his own conditions, which, apparently, will be very different from those under which he now exists. The master is not more satisfied than the man, but he makes no attempt to change the odious double tyranny which each exercises towards the other. Vanity, the

curse of modern England, prompts them both. Neither of them has yet conceived that he would be happier if he were natural—if he ceased to indignantly stand up for little rights and little privileges, which, regarded either morally or philosophically, are simply contemptible. In France, where all rights are equal, no one has rights to defend; and though that solution of the difficulty is inapplicable publicly in England—in our time at least—surely it would not be impossible to try it privately in a few houses, with chosen servants, in order to see whether English natures cannot be raised to the French level. It can scarcely be seriously urged that an English servant cannot be cured of his special vanity—that he cannot be raised, by example and with teaching, above the sham dignity he affects—that he cannot be induced to regard service as a state of life implying a general obligation to aid whenever aid is wanted, and not as a duty strictly limited to laying the cloth and drawing corks in one case, or to pure house-maiding in another. An English “general servant,” like the maid-of-all-work, is incapable of doing any one thing well; it will therefore naturally be argued that if a butler or a lady’s-maid were to sometimes discharge other functions than their own, they would cease to do their own work well. But really it would be degrading to England to admit such a thing as that. Why should not an Englishman do anything as well as a Frenchman? The answer, in this special case, is, Because he won’t. But if he were encouraged to try, by kind words and clear reasons, and rewarded in the event of success, is it certain that he would persist in his refusal? If English masters could attain sufficient wisdom—could sufficiently shake off the bonds of conventional pride in which they have been brought up—to call their servants together and discuss the whole thing with them calmly and without prejudice, who can pretend that the whole system might not be modified, without a shock, to the infinite advantage of all concerned? Try it. Say to your household, “My friends, in France masters and servants do not regard each other as enemies, and do not each stand out for every inch of what we call ‘rights.’ They give and take. The servant looks upon his master as a friend, and does all he can to be of use to him without haggling over the conditions of his ‘place.’ The master treats his servants kindly, and chats and laughs with them; and it really appears that they get on over there vastly

better than we do—that the work is better done, that housekeeping is less expensive, all because everybody has the same end in view—that end being mutual satisfaction. Now, my friends, let us see if we can imitate the French. I shall begin, for it is my duty to set the example, and to show you how to vanquish old habits and old prejudices.” What do you suppose your servants would say and do? They might be a little puzzled at first; but if you acted with tact and sense, you would soon guide them to the right road, weeding out the incorrigibles whom you might discover to be unworthy of your guidance.

If such an end as this were attained even in half-a-dozen houses, this glimpse at French servants will have served a useful object.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

MADEMOISELLE SYLVIE.

I WAS then residing in Paris, and my concierge, in showing me a set of rooms more convenient than those which I had occupied before said: “Monsieur will not have much of a view, but he will enjoy the benefit of Mademoiselle Sylvie’s flowers and her two canaries;” and, pointing across a courtyard, he glanced up at a small window very high on the sixth floor, embowered in a thick trellis-work of sweet-peas, scarlet-runners, and mignonette boxes, amid all of which hung a brave little cage, smart with green and white paint and gilding. It was a costly-looking trifle this cage, and one was rather surprised to see it so high up as a sixth floor; but the two birds inside hopped from perch to perch, and piped their trilling notes, and shook the trim yellow wings they had just dipped in water with as pert and chirping an air as if the whole world was theirs, and there was nothing on earth too good for them. “She is a stay-maker,” continued the concierge, “and the next window to hers is that of M. Polydore, a railway clerk.” I do not know why the concierge should have thought it necessary thus to intrude M. Polydore upon the scene. I was rather disappointed that he had done so. I could have wished he had kept this gentleman in the background, or brought him in some other day incidentally to something else. But it is a way with Frenchmen quietly to root up certain illusions, and to do it quickly.

I took the rooms, and during several weeks was enlivened by the sight of the flowers and by the chirruping of the two canaries. Of an afternoon, when the house was in the shade, and the bustle which attends the arranging of rooms, the opening of windows, and the shaking of carpets in the morning was over; when the yard was silent and cool, the warbling sounded so clear and melodious, so gay and unrestrained, that I sometimes laid down my pen merely to listen to it. But I never saw Mdlle. Sylvie, and I was beginning to regard her as a sort of myth to be perpetually associated with song of birds and impenetrable groves of creepers. One morning, however, having chanced to rise earlier than usual, and being seated writing at my desk, I raised my eyes towards the familiar window, and observed a young and bright but rather pale face protrude through the foliage, and a pair of small hands suspend the smart cage on its accustomed hook. The birds had been under cover for the night, and on being put into the air instantly saluted the rising sun with their music. Then the small hands disappeared and came back again, and nimble fingers, armed with scissors, set to work trimming the plants, here lopping off one tendril, there tying up another, after which a new eclipse and then the small hands brought the tiniest of waterpots and gravely watered their ten-thousandth part of an acre of garden land. At this moment, while I was studiously surveying the scene, the adjoining casement was opened, and a second head, much less bright and interesting than the other, and ornamented by a shaggy crop of uncombed hair and a black moustache, became visible, and there commenced an interchange of greetings between the windows. The water-pot paused on the edge of the mignonette box, the face smiled amicably, and the shaggy head, putting out a large hand with a pair of tongs in it, and a basket fastened to the end of the pair of tongs, leaned forward and passed the basket until it dangled right among the flowers. Then the nimble hands lifted something out, fumbled half a minute in a pocket and dropped something in, and the basket travelled back followed by another amicable smile and a nod. "Yes, it's like that every morning," exclaimed the concierge, who had come up with my letters, and was standing by me, holding a sheaf of other lodgers' boots, letters, and hot-water cans between his hands. "That is M. Polydore, the railway clerk, passing her breakfast to Mdlle. Sylvie. M. Poly-

dore runs down at seven every morning for his own provisions, and brings up his neighbour's at the same time—two sous' worth of milk, two rolls at one sou, and a sou's worth of chickweed for the birds, and that's all. It's never more than five sous she has to drop into the basket, and I'll be bound M. Polydore would pay it all for her himself, ay, and double that, if she would only let him." But here the concierge interrupted himself, for a second and more novel scene was being enacted. The shaggy head, after vanishing for a moment with the tongs, had reissued in their company, and was now passing a new basket, the conical shape of which revealed its contents; it was presumably full of strawberries. Mdlle. Sylvie lifted up her hands as if uttering an amused exclamation, took out a strawberry, which she thrust through the bars of her cage, then nibbled one herself, making a little sign to say that it was good; but, having done this, shook her head and was apparently for sending the rest back. Whereupon a discussion arose, which, of course, we could not hear, but the pantomimic eloquence of which, especially in so far as M. Polydore's gestures went, was easy to comprehend. It lasted two good minutes, and then the matter was settled by Mdlle. Sylvie shaking one or two more strawberries into her left hand, and waving her right laughingly before her face, as though to convey, "This is positively all I shall take, M. Polydore, so you needn't tempt me." M. Polydore protested, but finding it was of no use, gave a shrug, and the pottle moved slowly back on its way along with the tongs. Mdlle. Sylvie then took up her tiny waterpot anew, and finished her watering. "Yes," said the concierge approvingly, "that's just it. M. Polydore is a good-hearted young man of the free and easy sort, and he and Mdlle. Sylvie get on very well together. He goes on errands for her; she mends his things for him; but, except when they meet on the stair-case, all their talking—every bit of it—is done through those windows. M. Polydore, I suspect, would like affairs to take another turn; but Mdlle. Sylvie knows how to put enterprising gentlemen back into their places. You understand, she is engaged to a sergeant who will marry her when he has finished his seven years, that is the year after next, I believe; and he being an honest man the match would be broken snap off if anything went wrong. So she bides as still as a small mouse, and stores by every centime she can, and seems to live on air; and she stitches and stitches

enough to wear her little fingers away, for she's a deft needlewoman, as monsieur will find if ever he wants anything sewn for him and doesn't mind giving her the job." The concierge retired—worthy chatter-box, whose chief delight was to communicate to one lodger the adventures or misadventures of the other—but I suppose some of his words lingered after him, for that day, being out, I bought a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, and sent them with my compliments to Mdlle. Sylvie, requesting that she would kindly hem and mark them.

She was less than a week about the work, and brought it one afternoon when the sun had been so lustrous and her canaries in such spirits that the very sparrows of Paris, who are the most unconcerned birds in existence, must have wondered at and envied them. A slight knock, and she entered, reserved in manner, but unembarrassed, and with that perfect grace of demeanour which seems to be the appanage of Frenchwomen. She had not much of what artists call beauty, but her teeth and hair were admirable, and her eyes shone with an expression of innocent vivacity, very confident, true, and captivating. On the other hand, she was evidently overworked. Her figure was slight and thin, and her face much paler than I had been able to judge, seeing her from a distance of four stories. "These are monsieur's handkerchiefs?" she asked, and saying this handed me the little card-board box in which the order had been sent her. I mechanically examined the work, and was struck with its conscientious character—every stitch so honest and straight, and the design of the cypher she had wrought in fancy letters so delicate, painstaking, and able. Then, having admired, I inquired how much I was indebted to her, and she named a sum so modest that, reflecting on the prices charged for these things by people who are called fashionable hosiers, I wondered with some indignation how anybody could have the courage to grind unfortunate needle-girls down in this way. "But you must find it very hard," I observed, "to live on such small gains as this, Mdlle. Sylvie?" "Oh, monsieur," she answered, with a little shrug and a smile, "it's woman's work, and that's never much paid." She said this so quietly that I was unable to divine whether there was any irony in the remark, or whether she really thought that her sex earned as much as could be expected; so I repeated: "I consider it very little." "Yet there are women who would

sew for less," was her tranquil answer, as she smoothed a crease out of the neat white apron that covered her merino gown. "We are so many women, and so few trades open to us! Monsieur has never been in the poorer quarters? There are women to be seen there who make workmen's blouses at three sous the blouse; they stitch fifteen hours a day and earn thirty sous. Nobody can have an idea of what deep wretchedness is until he has seen these women. Imagine such of them as have children, and sometimes a drunken husband, and nothing but this money! There are some who say that all this is the fault of the employers; but then the employers pretend that they can't pay us any more; and women have not the power to raise wages by striking work as the men can. Nobody ever heard of a women's strike. To begin with, women are not free, and so couldn't strike if they would, for their husbands and fathers wouldn't always let them. But even if they were free, I do not believe any number of us women could agree together for long. We are so fond of quarrelling with one another!" Here she smiled again, and, seeing me listening with silent interest to her speech, said quietly, "As for me, monsieur, I have no right to complain, I am one of the lucky ones." "Lucky, Mdlle. Sylvie?" "Yes," she replied, "I earn my three francs a day. It's not much, but it's enough, and I manage to put by a little for rainy weather. Sometimes I wish it were spring all the year round because of the cold in winter, which numbs one's fingers and makes it difficult to sew; but when the winter's over and the sky gets blue and warm again in April, then I feel glad for what we have gone through, for it makes the spring seem better. But even in the winter there are amusements, and I used to go to the theatre occasionally; but not now, because my lover doesn't like it." And here she drew the faintest breath of a sigh. "You see, it was M. Polydore. M. Polydore is my neighbour"—she explained simply—"who knew some actors of the Ambigu and Gaité; they gave him tickets, and he gave them me, and I used to go with one of my girl friends, and we used sometimes to cry all the evening. Ah! it does one good, those pieces that make you cry! But my lover is jealous, and won't let me accept presents from anybody, and I know if I were to take anything again from M. Polydore he'd beat me—Oh, monsieur, ne craignez rien, c'est le meilleur garçon du monde"—she exclaimed naively, as she

perceived that this glimpse of her lover's disposition had not impressed me very favourably. "I do with him what I please; but then he's a sergeant who has always been well noted in his regiment, and he says, 'I'm not going to marry a girl against whom people have got anything to say, Sylvie' — and he's quite right. If I were a man I know I should be like that." "Then you work and wait, Mdlle. Sylvie?" "I work and wait, monsieur," she answered. "My lover lays by what he can, and when his term of service is over he will marry me, and we shall try and keep a shop. That will be in two years' time — yes, in two years all but a month;" and here again came a short sigh, as though to say: "It's a little long, but one must be patient." She glanced at the clock, and I took this as a hint to pay her and to thank her, endeavouring to prevail on her as I did so to accept more than the insignificant sum she had mentioned. But this was in vain. She counted me my change with painful exactness, dropped a modest, unaffected little courtesy, and withdrew.

It was several years after this that, passing through one of the gabled towns of Picardy, I was attracted by the fresh, taut look of a tobacconist's shop standing at the corner of the main street, and stepped in to buy a cigar. A vigorous, laughing man, in shirt-sleeves, was seated near the door giving a chubby urchin of four a ride on his knee, while another, with the round clipped head of French youngsters, was sprawling on the floor crowing. Behind the counter a young woman, dressed with the wonted spruceness and dignity of French *buralistes*, was manipulating screws of *caporal*, and looking on complacently at the scene. She recognized me at once, and I recognized her. It was the former Mdlle. Sylvie. Of course we fell to talking of old times — "those happy old times, when we were so unhappy," as Sophie Arnould used to say — and I reminded Mdlle. Sylvie of her birds, her flowers, and her garret-room on the sixth floor. "Ah, but she never told you all, sir!" said her husband, rising and laying a hand upon her shoulder. "She used to put by half her small gains every day so as to have a dowry to give me when I married her. On the day when I got my discharge I came to her suddenly and found her stitching in her little room without a fire. It was January, and the snow was falling outside, so that my uniform was quite covered with it! Can you imagine that, monsieur? no fire in January!" and he

began to chafe her fingers between his as if they must still be cold after such an infliction. As for her she coloured, and tried to stop him. But he would not be stopped, and talked of her industry and her privations with feelings of pain and pride that were obvious enough. "Well, monsieur," she said at last, with perhaps just the faintest quaver in her voice, "it was a little hard at times, I know — mais il vaut mieux payer le bonheur avant qu'après;" and she glanced fondly and happily at the little family of which she was the queen. I thought the sergeant a lucky fellow.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
PEOPLE I HAVE HATED.

I CONFESS I do not now hold the lofty sentiments about Hatred which I once held, or at least subscribed. To the best of my recollection, the first time I had occasion to bring my mind to bear on the subject, I uncompromisingly pronounced Hatred to be "the vilest passion which can agitate the human breast," and expressed a very decided opinion (fortified by examples from ancient and modern history), that it was invariably injurious to society, and degrading to the individual character. I would not, perhaps, have gone to the stake for these views, but I never dreamed of questioning their soundness, or contemplated the possibility of holding others, for I had them (in rough draft) from the highest possible source, the Addison of our school, its most eminent hand at moral essay and themewriting: that gifted being who had the miraculous faculty of producing, besides his own masterpiece, any number of compositions for his less prolific comrades, no two exactly alike, though all on the same subject, and whose reflections, as just and profound as his grammar and spelling were unimpeachable, no master had ever been hardy enough to criticize. But that fine outfit of dogmatic morality with which we are furnished, as we start on the pilgrimage of this world, does not long stand the wear and tear of the journey, any more than its concomitant, the marvellous school-boy digestion, which makes light of viands the mind shudders at in after years. Dear! dear! what beautiful virtuous lives we should all of us lead, if we were only to act up to the headings of our old copy-books. Alas! those noble round-hand resolutions and rules of conduct seem to have no more effect upon the formation of



character than the firm determination to improve in penmanship I have so many times engrossed, has had upon the handwriting which I observe upon the paper now before me. In the one case, as in the other, the standard of excellence is pitched too high for ordinary mortals. It may be attained by writing-masters and moral philosophers, but for us others it is impossible to get along with all that paraphernalia of virtue, or to carry on our correspondence with all that nicety of hair-stroke, loop, and flourish. There is Hatred aforesaid. We know that we can no more help hating than we can help sneezing. Life being what it is, we must hate a good round number of people. It is all very well for the philosopher, as he sits tranquilly meditating in his cell, with his feet on the fender, to denounce the weakness from that high moral altitude. But let him come down and mix with the crowd, and have his toes trodden on a little. Depend upon it, when he does, his language will be very much the same as ours, and, for all his fine maxims, he will not love the neighbour who bruises his corns a bit better than we do. Some go through life in broughams and some in 'busses, and the former are by far the most favorable vehicles for what Dr. Johnson called "the general cultivation of benevolence." At the same time it must be admitted that Hatred now-a-days is not quite the deadly feeling the moralist has in his eye when he lectures on the terrible consequences of giving way to it. In the first place, all sorts of diseases, moral as well as physical, have a tendency to become in time less virulent in their action; and then, as society grows more and more complex, we have more collisions with our fellow-creatures, and consequently more hatreds, which must be, therefore, individually less substantial than one which absorbed our whole hating power, just as trees in a thick plantation have less substance than those growing in the open. If anybody turns the matter over quietly with himself, he will be astonished to find what a number of people he hates (unless he is exceptionally amiable, pachydermatous, or philosophical), not exactly to the death, or "perfectly," as Izaak Walton hated others; but, nevertheless, very positively and decidedly. Also he will be struck with the endless variety of form which hatred is capable of assuming, and, finally, the conviction will be forced upon him that, as he hates so many people who are quite unaware of the fact, it is extremely probable that he himself is an object of detestation

to several persons whom he never dreamt of offending.

To take my own case as an illustration—I hate, and for some time have hated, Major Macpherson, and calmly considering the case, I cannot avoid the conclusion that what the Major is to me I must be to divers other people. I have never met Major Macpherson. And yet, stay: how do I know that? He may have been, for aught I know to the contrary, that very agreeable military man whose conversation lightened the journey by the "limited mail" a month ago, or that fiery gentleman who had so much to say the other day at Jones's about the rascally behaviour of the Government in the matter of forage allowances to field-officers. Still, in spite of the apparent inconsistency of it, I hate Major Macpherson, the reason being that I only know him as (and I feel as if I were alluding to a three-volume novel, where I describe his relation to me) Major Macpherson, the former lodger. In fact, the rooms I now occupy were formerly tenanted by the Major, and all his tastes, ways, and habits appear, from the statements of Mrs. Sharkey, the landlady, to have been diametrically opposed to mine in every particular. Now when people are acquainted a difference of this sort often tends to strengthen friendship; as in chemistry, combination takes place when positive and negative are brought together. This is the moral which the poet seeks to point in the ballad of "Jack Sprat." The tastes of Jack and his wife were opposed to one another, and the consequences were, we are given to understand, an harmonious married life, and an economical household. But if all you know of a man is the bare fact that his likes and dislikes, his customs and opinions, are all the reverse of your own, and if it is always tacitly assumed that his are the right ones, and indeed, in some sort, the standards by which rectitude is to be measured, "how possible to love him?" as Mesty says in *Midshipman Easy*; or rather, how possible not to hate him with an abiding and bitter hatred? This, then, is my position with respect to Major Macpherson. On all occasions of tea, sugar, spirits, boots, or breakfast-bacon, I have only to express a wish or deliver an opinion, to be told that it is very odd, for Major Macpherson was always most particular to have his quite different. No question of domestic economy can be broached but it raises the ghost of the Major to comfort and condemn me, nor does it at all lighten the grievance that I am forced to observe in all the Major's

ways a remarkable consideration for Mrs. Sharkey's convenience. When I compare the inflexibility of his rule about dining from home on Sunday with my own laxity on the same point, I cannot but feel that I must suffer by the comparison; nor can I help seeing that his marked partiality for easily cooked dishes tends to exhibit me in the disagreeable light of an incorrigible gourmand. In fact, the memory of the Major is a daily humiliation to me, and consequently I hate him with a hatred which I maintain to be perfectly natural. The perpetual obtrusion of another person's virtue on your notice must ere long produce a weariness which, in the end, ripens into hatred. For this reason I have always had a sympathetic feeling for that much abused Athenian, who was for ostracizing Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called "the Just." Granted that he was just, was that any reason why his justness should be continually thrust down the throats of his neighbours, as if he were the only licensed dealer in the article? The earliest hatred I can remember, the first dawn of hate in my nature, was of this sort. Chronologically arranged, a list of the people I have hated would be headed by my uncle George.

In my early days it was the mission of this relative to manufacture aphorisms and moral sentiments for family use, and the frequent application of these to our conduct was a sore burden to us youngsters. Being sententious, he was fully believed in by the womenkind of our family, who considered that there was no more conclusive way of pointing out our shortcomings than quoting some scrap of his wisdom germane to the matter. How weary we were of the preamble, "Your uncle George used always to say," or, "Remember what your uncle George says." His fecundity in maxims and precepts was as great as that of Mr. Samuel Maunder, of the *Treasury of Knowledge*. He could produce a sentiment suitable to any occasion at a moment's notice. The effect of the severe battery to which we were thus exposed was not merely confined to hatred of the author of our sufferings. I cannot honestly say that our eagerness to walk in the paths of virtue was very great, but such as it was, it was checked by the mitraille of morality with which uncle George swept all the approaches. We felt it was no use to try to be good; that we must fail; and then followed a terrible "sour-grape" feeling about rectitude, amounting to positive scepticism. Was there such a thing at all, or was it merely a figment, an invention

of our elders for the purpose of more readily keeping us in subjection? In fact, there was developed within us a rudimentary rationalism. Of course a very slight knowledge of the world would have kept us right. It was said that no man could possibly be so wise as Lord Thurlow looked, and similarly it ought to have been obvious to us that no man could possibly be so virtuous as uncle George's talk made him out to be. And in the fulness of time it was made manifest that his life did not always square with the rules of conduct he so liberally offered to society. If he was richer in one department of moral philosophy than another, it was in that which dealt with industry, perseverance, steadiness of application, method, &c. on all which subjects he poured forth aphorisms so numerous and so weighty that he made existence a burden to us. But he himself was not industrious, he was not persevering, he applied himself steadily to nothing, and was methodical only in dogmatizing. He had struck out so many different openings in life leading to nothing, that he had made a perfect sieve of it. He had been in as many berths as there are in a P. and O. steamer. He was always going abroad to try some new line of business, and always coming back unsuccessful, but charged with fresh precepts about success in life,—picked up probably from Brahmins and Sachems he had met in the course of his travels. Even now there is a sort of family "whip" on foot to bring him home from New Zealand, where he has been attempting to set up something which it appears would not stay up, and no doubt we shall soon learn something of the moral philosophy of the Maories. The species of hatred which this case serves to illustrate is very common. Let me take another example differing in kind. I hate Captain Boreas, and I do so under the following circumstances:—

It has long been a practice or a custom of mine, when London becomes odious, as it frequently does at various seasons, to retreat to a pleasant watering-place which I shall call Dipscombe-super-mare. When-e'er I took my walks abroad there, on pier, esplanade, cliffs, or downs, I was always encountering a certain gentleman who speedily inspired me with the deepest aversion. He was a stout man, and a tightly-buttoned-up, wearing in all seasons and weathers, a frock-coat which disclosed no waist-coat, but only stock and shirt-collar. He was a man of a warm, uniform complexion, something between brick and plum colour, and of an irritated texture of

skin, as though it was his habit to wash with oil of vitriol and dry himself with a nutmeg-grater. He walked quickly but stiffly, as if he had no knees; he was constantly slapping his chest with his fist, and he carried a thick bamboo cane. My feelings as regards this gentleman being those I have described, I need not say I became in time acquainted with him. When science is farther advanced we shall, perhaps, know why it is, what are the laws governing the mysterious attraction through which you inevitably come to know a person who happens to be an object of vague aversion. The means by which the junction is brought about are various. An officious friend with a mania for introducing people will do it as often as anything else, or a railway-guard may put you into the same carriage with the object for a run of sixty miles without stopping, or you may be shut in with him in a dentist's waiting-parlour, or it may be your hard fate to take his umbrella in mistake for your own and to have to return it with an apology. Be the process what it may, in one way or another, an acquaintance is sure to come about. I soon discovered what instinct meant when it warned me against Captain Boreas. The way in which that man crowded over all creation on the score of his own exceptional robustness of constitution made him the enemy of his species. The great pleasure of his life seemed to be to insult his fellow-creatures by invidious comparisons of his strength with their weakness, for it was a favourite article of belief with him, and he triumphed in it, that everybody except himself was more or less feeble and flakey. He was always slapping that abominable chest of his and telling you how well he felt—as if you cared. He had a gift, too, for finding out the things that disagreed with you, and glorying in them. If the wind was from the east—Dipscombe is a particularly east-windy place—and if, as many people do, I strongly resented its blowing from that quarter, finding its invariable effects to be acerbity of temper and a prickly feeling of the skin, suggesting that in the evolution theory of the descent of man the hedgehog has been overlooked as one of his ancestors—if these were the circumstances under which I was abroad, Captain Boreas was sure to heave in sight, marching in his wooden-legged way, and carrying his great cane over his shoulder like a musket. Seeing me, he bears down upon me at once. “Hah!” he shouts (he always speaks in a shout). “Here’s a fine bracing day, sir!” Slaps himself. “Here’s

a glorious breeze!” And then, to show his relish of the breeze, he inflates himself and thrusts his odious thorax almost into my face. As I am not at all in the mood to agree with him, I express my sentiments freely about the day and breeze, and he exhibits great delight. In his most boisterous manner he describes the exhilarating effects of such weather on himself, and points the inevitable conclusion that, as he is “all right,” I must be “all wrong.” A topic which he specially enjoys enlarging upon is an assumed laxity on your part in the use of cold water. He is slow to believe that there is any one who takes the same manly view of that element that he does himself. He is fond of introducing his tub into conversation and dating anecdotes or personal reminiscences from it, as “when I was in my tub this morning,” or “as I was getting out of my tub;” and when the thermometer falls below freezing-point he derives great satisfaction from describing how he had to break the ice. I don’t think he is one of those seven gentlemen whom we read of every winter in the paragraph headed “The weather and the parks,” who have a spot in the Serpentine kept clear of ice for them, and bathe every morning at seven o’clock; because if he were he would brag about it so noisily that no one enjoying his society for ten minutes could fail to have the fact impressed upon his memory. But if the police regulations permitted afternoon bathing in the Serpentine in winter, I think it very likely he would avail himself of the privilege, that he might walk up and down afterwards flourishing his damp towel and telling society his sensations. Cold, sir! he should think it *was* cold. So much the better. There was a variety of the Boreas breed that became a public nuisance at the time when the Turkish bath was first introduced. This Boreas was profound in all the details and theories of the new process, and had by heart all the pamphlets and articles written on the subject, with which he perpetually harassed mankind. As the captain above named bullied you with his chest, he bullied you with his pores. He had got hold of the fact (if there is such a fact) that there are eight—or, stay, is it eight thousand?—miles of pores distributed over the human body. That all this vast extent of tubing was in your case what he pleasantly termed “clogged,” was a theory the maintaining of which gave him infinite satisfaction. Clogged you were, and clogged you must remain until you became like him a Turkish-bathist of the strictest

sect. Everything that you complained of, from your inability to digest curried skate to your incapacity for reading the debates in the House, was referable to one great cause — your cloggedness. The idea, too, of your laying claim to the possession of a skin inspired him with the deepest scorn. "Horn, my dear sir, all horn," he would say, passing his thumb contemptuously over the back of your hand. He alone had a skin, and all his miles of pores were one great thoroughfare. Even becoming a convert did very little good. He had the whole process at his finger's ends, he would cross-examine you strictly as to what you had undergone, and woe betide you if you had omitted or shirked any part of the ceremony. He would not bate you one single douche or dislocation. You must perform the rite according to his programme, else you were in a parlous state, from which your only escape lay in conforming with all possible haste with the instructions he gave you. A certain sort of Boreas, I have observed, is often found in great force on the continent. As some people travel to "do" sights and places, others to gormandize, others to grumble, this Boreas appears to travel to wash. He goes abroad to testify to British cleanliness in the face of an unwashing generation, under which head he includes all manner of foreigners, whose personal habits he denounces at table-d'hôtes and in railway-carriages with all the boisterous railery of his family. Everywhere he goes he leaves behind him in the travellers' book scathing invectives against the deficiencies of the house in the matter of tubs and water-supply. His greatest delight is to turn a little primitive mountain inn topsy-turvy at five o'clock in the morning to furnish him with the means of sousing himself, and under the sobriquet of "Der Kalt-wasser Herr," he is dreaded by the toiling chambermaids of half the tall hotels from Cologne to Vienna. Cleanliness is akin to godliness, but his is so outrageously obtrusive that it suggests an affinity to the godliness of Chadband.

A much more humane creature, but, if possible, a greater bore, is Hilarius, the man who is always in high spirits. High spirits are a very charming and enviable possession in the abstract: that is to say, surveyed from a distance favourable to calm philosophical contemplation; but like a great many things very charming in the abstract, they lose much of their charm when tried by the severe test of personal experience. To put the same truth in another form, a good thing ceases to be a

good thing when you get too much of it, and this is the case with the high spirits of a man who is always in them. People who have lived much on the Mediterranean shores say that in time you weary of the eternal blue sky with which new comers are always so enraptured; and that on returning to this vilified climate there is nothing you enjoy more than the variety of our clouded canopy. Travelling in the South, after a hot journey you come, perhaps, to an inn where they give you a room looking out on a little courtyard festooned with creeping plants, in the middle of which a lively fountain plays day and night with a merry patter. How you revel in that courtyard, and especially in that fountain, as you lean out of your window in that happy, dreamy, contented, after-dinner lounge which only the traveller knows. How the look, and scents, and sounds of the spot haunt you afterwards; the dancing water that caught the sunlight streaming in over the red-tiled roof, the tinkling splash, the rhythm of which was your last sensation as you dropped asleep! You talk about that fountain afterwards to your friends as one of your most delicious recollections, and perhaps you succeed even in persuading yourself that if fortune were to assign that chamber to you in permanence, you would make unprecedented progress with your great work, your epic, or tragedy, or essay on the extinction of pauperism, or treatise on the probable duration of the glacial period. In such a room, and with such a fountain making music in your ears, your ideas, you fancy, would flow unwontedly free and felicitous. But the chances are ten to one that had you been fated to spend three days instead of ten hours in the same quarters, you would have found yourself, before that period had elapsed, ejaculating, "Confound that fountain!" or, — for I don't pledge myself to the exact phrase — whatever form of execration your sex, temperament, or habits prompt you to use under the pressure of impatience and discontent. The man who is always in high spirits is like that Italian sky, and like that fountain, a little of him exhilarates, perhaps, but a full dose clogs. He is all unvaried ether. He is always in full play. There is no shade, no repose, in him. He is a dead-level of liveliness without any depressions, and like all dead levels, monotonous. He has but one state of existence, and therefore can have no sympathy with beings whose mood is liable to change. It is this want of sympathy that makes him a nuisance. As it is always high water with him he cannot un-

derstand why you should be sometimes on the ebb: he cannot conceive the possibility of your not being always up to his mark. For the same reason he regards neither time, place, nor circumstance. All such ideas are swallowed up in his light-heartedness. If he writes to you he puts burlesque titles and facetious descriptions of you on the envelope, thereby perplexing the postman, and ultimately lowering you in the eyes of that officer as a correspondent of lunatics, and therefore little better yourself. If he calls upon you, he knocks facetious knocks at your door, at one time imitating "Rates and Taxes;" at another simulating the manner of an insane footman from Belgravia. If you are from home he leaves messages so elaborately obscure that you utterly fail to make out who was the visitor, and what was the object of the visit, for in all his actions the ostensible end is ever subordinate to the great purpose of his life, that of finding a vent for his spirits. If you happen to be in your garden he sends word to say the Archbishop of Canterbury desires a few minutes conversation with you. You hasten in much puzzled, and only surmise that his Grace, having heard of your charitable disposition, has called to solicit your co-operation in some philanthropic project. You find neither the Archbishop nor anybody to represent him; but, just as you are proceeding to inquire what this may mean, Hilarius rises suddenly, like a pantomime demon, from under the table, and greets you with a comic war-whoop. In all this complicated performance he clearly gives you to understand that he considers he has laid you under an obligation by taking such pains to give you a pleasant surprise. This is one of the most aggravating features in his philosophy. He delights in surprises, and he assumes that you, the surprised, as a matter of course, equally delight in them. In his eyes an unexpected thwack between the shoulders, like mercy, blesses him that gives and him that takes; and acting on this philanthropic motive, he never misses an opportunity of inflicting that blessing. If he spies you in the street he will stalk you as though you were a stag that he may come upon you unawares. To us who are not always in high spirits it is difficult to see the humour of knocking all the wind out of a fellow-creature's body by a hearty slap or punch. We cannot deny the force, but we fail to see the point of the joke. Its extreme antiquity, we think, might by this time have removed it from the category of facetiae. But to him there is nothing

ing stale or obsolete in it; time writes no wrinkle on its brow, and he will take away your breath with as keen a sense of original fun as that pre-historic humourist who first dug his stone-age brother in the stomach. A crowd always brings out his quality. You are, say, at the Royal Academy, looking up at the picture of your poor friend Skyhigh, and trying to invent something consolatory about "a good light" against the next time you meet him, when your meditations are broken by a sounding tap on the crown of your hat. You turn round hastily in quest of the assailant and find that your choice lies among the Dean of Barchester, General Smoothbore, and Professor Jawatone, who all look somewhat embarrassed. Following the direction of the General's eye, however, you perceive at hand a figure gazing at Holman Hunt's "Girlhood of St. Ursula" with an expression of rapt and almost religious concentration. This proves to be Hilarius, who, finding himself detected, immediately seizes you by the elbows (his way of shaking hands) and goes through some evolutions which appear to be rather inconvenient to the people about you, who have merely come to look at pictures. Any one looking on would suppose that this was an unexpected meeting after a separation of years, whereas it is not four-and-twenty hours since he greeted you last. But this is only his hearty manner. This over, he drags you off to room No. 9 to show you "something that will make you die with laughing." In so jovial a creature it is strange to observe such a desire for the destruction of your life: he is always proposing to tell or show something that will make you die with laughing. He plants you at last before Ansdell's picture of "Goats in the Sierra Nevada," and asks if "that isn't the dead image of him?" What, and the image of whom, you ask. "Why, that," he says, appealing to your perceptivity (which, it seems, lies in the region of the ribs) and indicating the senior goat of the group, which he avers to be "the very picture of old Joe Mumbles." The position is a very difficult one. If, in the vain hope of quieting him, you agree that the resemblance is very striking, and that every friend of Mumbles must be immensely tickled by it, you only put him into better spirits. If, on the other hand, you yield to a not unnatural testiness and declare the pretended similarity to be all stuff, you make him violently demonstrative. You must reconsider your verdict. He forces you into a crouching attitude the better to catch the



likeness, and hauls you, now this side, now that, to point out how it is exactly Mumbles' eye, and Mumbles' beard, and how the artist has unintentionally caught the Mumbles' expression, to refresh your memory on which branch of the subject he gives imitations of Mumbles under different circumstances, until he has riveted the attention of the whole room. He likes this. He says it is "such fun." Travel, too, stimulates him wonderfully, especially foreign travel. Any shreds of decorum he preserved at home he discards the moment he sets foot on the Continent. Life there he considers to be invariably conducted on the broadest farce principles. He avails himself unstintingly of all the facilities for burlesque afforded by the language, manners, and customs of the country. He loves to deliver, *civâ voce*, extravagant renderings of inscriptions on walls or in shop windows, and, if you are so unfortunate as to have him for a traveling companion, to address you in public in a dialect of his own construction, the principle of which is that it is a wild caricature of the tongue of the people about you. He refuses to contemplate the possibility of any one not an Englishman understanding a word of English, so that his criticisms and jokes are free from all restraint, and he has a way of recommending himself to officials, from whom you wish to obtain some information or favour, by cutting into the conversation and investing them with fanciful titles, such as "Old Stick-in-the-mud," "Old Collywobles;" in consequence of which, perhaps, it is that the concierge curtly tells you that this is not the day for seeing the Museum, and the Chef-de-Gare refuses to mark your through-ticket so as to enable you to dine and go on by the next train. Take him anywhere, at home or abroad, in public or in private, on the top of Mont Blanc or on the top of an omnibus, he is—a very good fellow it may be, but—a most intolerable nuisance. In fact, I can only conceive of two situations in which he can possibly be of any use, comfort, or advantage to his fellow-creatures,—at a picnic, or at a wedding, those being occasions on which, owing to the operation of a natural law, liveliness is apt to be deficient because it is expected. Here he might be valuable as a natural reservoir of spontaneous vivacity; but elsewhere he is, I repeat, a nuisance.

There is a man whom I have been hating for some time to whom I can give no title but that of "the man with the voice." He is always associated in my mind with

a certain church in the neighbourhood of which I have the misfortune to reside. That church, or rather its steeple, contains, to the perpetual discomfort of the vicinity, what I believe is considered a remarkably fine peal of bells, of which it is apparently very proud. Consequently it never misses an opportunity of airing its chimes. It is scrupulous in acknowledging anniversaries of all sorts with full and noisy honours. No ceremonial of any kind can come off within a radius of three miles, no foundation-stone can be laid, building inaugurated, or new street opened, without that belfry bursting out into an insane hymn of thanksgiving. If the smallest princelet from the Danubian principalities happens to cross the boundaries of the parish the ringers will immediately rush up the steeple and give vent to the parochial joy in a peal of at least an hour's duration; and when public occasions fail, any local event, such as the vicar having got a new surplice, or the beadle's child being successfully vaccinated, is, I suspect, made to serve as an excuse. There is besides a regular weekly jingle (a parishioner of the last century, an old lady, whose memory can hardly be sufficiently detested, having, I believe, left by will a boiled leg of mutton and trimmings to be rung for every Friday evening), which is, I think, as exasperating and idiotic a performance as ever tortured mortal tympanum, and which always winds up with something that sounds as if the steeple were seized with a gigantic sneezing fit. What with all this, and the occasional favours of stray amateur ringers, who are afterwards commended in the sporting papers for having rung a complete set of grandsire triples, whatever that may be, in two hours and forty minutes, we of the parish might as well be in the "Ringing Island" of Rabelais. The person I have spoken of as "the man with the voice" is very like that church, and for a similar reason is a plague to all who are unlucky enough to be within earshot of him. Nature has unkindly endowed him with a fine organ, of which he is so proud, and of the sound of which he is so enamoured, that he is scarcely ever silent. It is a rich, sonorous bass organ of such a pervading quality that it completely fills a room, and comes rolling and tolling round you, absorbing, as it were, all other sounds. Like the lady's voice in Marmion it is ever in your ear, and you cannot hear the very friend who is at the same table with you. There is something in the tone of it that reminds one of that great being who stands be-

hind the chairman's chair at a public dinner, and enjoins upon gentlemen silence for a toast, and to charge their glasses. Indeed, I am rapidly coming to believe as history what I once in a moment of irritation struck out as a mere theory, that the individual in question is a retired toast-master, who, having saved money, has become a speaking director in some city company. He is exactly the man to talk of "an enterprize worthy of this great commercial metropolis" in a tone that would carry conviction to all who have ears and are led by them. The adroitness with which, for the purpose of bringing out his voice, he avails himself of all the most pompous and sonorous words of the language is something marvellous. Not only does he use three words where another would use one, but where an ordinary person would employ a word of one syllable he contrives to get in one of three. Catch him missing an opening for a sesquipedalian term. The mere ceaseless sound of his voice would be aggravation enough, but unfortunately it is impossible to avoid hearing what he says, and of course when a man talks continually his talk must be mainly twaddle. In this particular case it is not too harsh to say that the talk is twaddle. Slightly to parody the words of the poet, he holds it true, whate'er befall, that

'Tis better to have talked rank bosh  
Than never to have talked at all.

If he can get nobody else to talk to he will engage one of the club waiters in conversation, quite regardless of the fact that he is depriving other members of their proper share of attendance, and he takes about a quarter of an hour to order his dinner. He is evidently not a person of a very high order of intellect, but it is impossible to suppose him such a fool as to believe that the continuous sound of his voice can be the same pleasure to others that it is to himself. Therefore he must belong to one or other of two classes of people,—the purely selfish who never allow the comfort or convenience of others to weigh a grain in the balance against their own gratification; or else the equally objectionable class of those who simply ignore the existence of their fellow-creatures, and in all their doings evince a stolid disregard of the fact that they themselves are not the only beings in creation; the sort of people, in short, who never think of shutting doors behind them, or of making way or room for anybody. But there is an additional reason for hating the man with the voice.

A man who is *always* doing a particular thing, even though that thing be a perfectly innocent, innocuous thing, is, I maintain, a legitimate object for hatred. Nature has implanted in us an instinctive love of variety and abhorrence of monotony, and any one running counter to this instinct excites a natural animosity. This is the moral underlying the well-known story of the gentleman coming out of Crockford's and kicking the man who was tying his shoe on the doorstep. We have nothing to do with the truth of the allegation that the person kicked was "always tying his shoe;" we have only to consider it as a justification of the kicking, and as such it is complete. Kicking is, perhaps, in a case of the sort, an extreme measure, but that is merely a matter of detail and does not affect the principle, which is that monotony of behaviour justifies the feeling of hatred. The particular expression of that feeling will, of course, always depend upon individual temperament. There is a man, for instance, opposite to whom I have very often the discomfort of sitting, and who is always smiling. Smiling in the abstract, or even a habit of smiling, is not a reasonable ground for enmity. But this man's smile is a fixed and perpetual smile that never waxes or wanes, but at all times, and under all circumstances, conditions, and weathers remains the same, as if it had been painted on his face by a country sign-board painter. It is also a vague and indefinite smile, which, apparently, has no reference to anything in particular, but is, I suppose, in some way connected with the contemplation of life in general. At first I thought it indicated merely a sort of stolid content with life, but there is a certain perplexity of expression joined with it which is inconsistent with that view. It is the kind of smile a person is apt to put on when told a story, the point of which is given in some language of which he is ignorant; and I incline to the notion that having long puzzled over the problem of life he has at last arrived at the suspicion that there is a joke of some sort at the bottom of it, and that he wears this perpetual smile as a good provisional expression of countenance, which will not commit him too far in case it should turn out to be no joke. At any rate there it is, an eternal, fatuous, and exasperating smile. But I have never felt myself called upon to kick that man because he is always smiling. Kicking is not in my line. At the same time I am bound to say I doubt if I could withhold my sympathy from any gentle-

man who, suffering as I do, was impelled to go the length of kicking him.

Stodgemore is another man I hate, because he is always doing something, and also, because that something is of itself disagreeable. Stodgemore's self-imposed mission is to promote the spread of general information in society. I am not aware that society is tortured by a thirst for general information, but he evidently thinks it is, and that he, Stodgemore, is the one man who can satisfy that thirst. He is what is called "a well-informed man." He reminds me of that ogre who used to be introduced in juvenile books. Of course, I don't mean the good old-fashioned ogre who lived in a castle, and had a hearty appetite for children, but that dreadful being who prevades the more modern fiction offered to youth, the instructive uncle of the Peter Parley school, who takes William and James out for a walk, and is able to account for everything in nature up to the milk in the cocoa-nut; who knows everything, and answers questions such as no William or James yet born ever put, and is diffuse in describing the ingenious structure of a bird's nest when any real William or James would very much rather be robbing it. What he is to young people—or would be if he were not as unreal a creation as ever came from romancer's brain—Stodgemore is to adult society. Conversation ceases to be conversation when he joins in it: it becomes a lecture. He has a strange love for the dry side of every subject, and instead of helping to lubricate the wheels of social talk, as is the duty of a good citizen and companion, he is ingenious only in introducing grit. We have, all of us, I suppose, felt some curiosity as to that wonderful man who writes those articles in the papers commencing with "It is not generally known," and have rashly fancied, perhaps, that a person with such vast and varied stores of information must be a delightful companion; but a slight acquaintance with Stodgemore will speedily dispel any such curiosity or fancy. Information is a very good thing, and a knowledge of things not generally known is, with certain limitations, desirable; but there are few of us, I imagine, who wish to be always acquiring information and always imbibing knowledge. Most of us require intervals for digestion, certain periods of unbending, when we are content to leave facts and fallacies alone. This is what Stodgemore will not see. He believes that at all times and seasons it is your duty to learn and his to teach, and

so, whether you are in a recipient mood or not, he is always at his post pumping into you. There is nothing you can say or do that he does not seize upon as an opportunity to be improved. If he catches you looking lovingly at the tint of your host's Marcobrunner he is down upon you with a query as to whether you know the reason why coloured glasses are used for hock and on your giving some unscientific answer about its being the fashion, or colour always being pleasant to the eye, he is in great spirits, and for the next half-hour he drills it into you that there are certain rays in the solar spectrum which have the property of decomposing the pyroxylate of balderdash upon which the bouquet of all wines of the hock class depends. Perhaps you foolishly think to stop him by a joke and in your frivolous way you institute some desperate comparison between a hock-glass and a hic-cup. You might as well think to stop Niagara with a bulrush. You merely afford him new matter, for he at once falls upon you and your wretched joke, and shows that the latter is no joke at all, but simply the offspring of your ignorance, the word being really hic-cough, which, in obedience to Grimm's law, has come to be pronounced as you give it. He is a perfect upas-tree for all things of the nature of jokes, metaphors, playful exaggerations, or jocose similitudes. They cannot live within the range of his breath. Dreadful at all times, he is especially terrible when some exploration of Livingstone, or speculation of Darwin, or new theory about the Gulf-stream, or fresh discovery of kitchen-middens, is running its course as a table-talk topic. Under his didactic treatment you begin to loathe Livingstone, and almost wish Darwin dead.

To be bored is bad enough. But to be bored and to be held bound to feel gratitude for being bored, is a burden too grievous to be borne with patience by any but a highly philosophical temperament, and this it is which intensifies the irritation produced by Stodgemore and his school. They always make it so obvious that they regard you in the light of a person deeply beholden to them. For the same reason, to some extent, I hate another person, the man who takes an interest in me. Of course to a properly constituted mind this would be no just cause for hatred. By the way, there are certain phrases which I hate as much as I do any human being, and this is one of them.—"A properly constituted mind" is one of those unmean-

ing, pompous phrases that have obtained a position beyond their merits because they have an imposing look, and come in well at the end of a sentence. Who ever met a person of a properly constituted mind? I have every possible respect for the present reader, but I am just as certain that he or she is not a person of a properly constituted mind as I am that he or she is not an Apollo Belvedere or a Venus de' Medici. There has never yet been a properly constituted mind, any more than there has been a living representative of the artist's ideal of corporeal beauty; and I have no doubt perfection in the one case would prove as disagreeable as it has been argued it would prove in the other. Be this as it may, not having a properly constituted mind, I hate the man who takes an interest in me, because, while I don't in the least want his interest, he shows me very plainly that he considers it lays me under an obligation. Theoretically, of course, one ought to be obliged to people who take an interest in one. It is so kind and benevolent of them: besides, what earthly good can they get by it, if it isn't the mere pleasure springing from benevolence? But there are people who take an interest in you because taking an interest in people is their main occupation in life; who seem to have nothing else to do but to go about the world taking an interest in people; who take an interest in you as others take an interest in ferns or polyps; to whom you furnish a study and a pursuit. Now I submit it is rather hard to be expected to feel thankful for an interest of this sort. The man who takes an interest in you in this way shows it in making himself acquainted with the minutest details concerning you, and you are painfully conscious in his company of being what I may called pigeon-holed, of being methodically entered in his mental register as a person of such and such ways and habits, and such and such ideas. From time to time he takes stock of you, to use a commercial phrase, to see whether you have changed at all, and whether it may be necessary to make any alterations in the estimate he has made of you. He is quick in detecting any variation. "Why how is this?" he says. "You say you like A, and yet you used to like B, you know." He seems rather aggrieved that you did not send him notice of the change, and, in fact, treats you very much as the Registrar-General treats the birth and death rate of the kingdom. Like that functionary he is, he conceives, necessary to your welfare; he firmly believes you could not

get on without him. When he pays you a visit of inspection he does not call it a visit. He "looks in on you," as if he were a sort of Sun, but for whose countenance your life must be an Arctic winter, devoid of light or warmth; and he has a happy knack of looking in on you at moments when your occupation is in some way specially calculated to afford him new material for a note about you. He finds you, let us say, conning the almanac of the year before last, which you have just taken up to see when the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race of that year came off, and at once pounces upon your employment as a characteristic eccentricity. Naturally you don't care to explain or apologize in such a case, least of all to him, and down you go forthwith as a person whose habitual oddity is reading old almanacs. While your life and his last he never forgets this circumstance, for his is usually one of those minds which, without a great capacity for a variety of ideas, are remarkable for the tenacity with which they hold any idea they have once taken in. From that time forth when you meet him his greeting is: "Been reading any old almanacs lately; eh?" or (should his interest in you take a less jocular and more earnest tone) if he hears you confess to not having yet had leisure to do something, he gently reminds you of the discovery by remarking that "if you didn't waste your time reading old almanacs you would have plenty of leisure for useful pursuits." It is this air of inquisitive superiority that makes him especially odious. He is always on the look-out for instances of deviation on your part from the line he has chalked out as the only one to be followed. He is always at you with questions of "Why do you do this?" "Why don't you do that?" He is, in short, one of those wearisome people of whom you ask only one favor—that they will leave you alone; which happens to be, of all others, just the favour they cannot bring themselves to grant you.

As I said at the beginning, a little honest self-examination will prove to the satisfaction of any one that he hates a great many more people than he at first supposed. The above are all specimens of definite hatreds, the causes of which are obvious, and which can be explained without invoking the aid of metaphysics. But besides these there is a class of hatreds which cannot be traced to any definite cause. Your dislike of Doctor Fell will sometimes ripen and deepen into the more positive form of antipathy; and in the latter stage,

as in the former, the reason why you cannot tell. Or, if you can tell the reason, you cannot persuade yourself that it is a fair and a just reason. Let me give an example to wind up with. You hate—or, at least, if you don't, I do—the man who is everywhere. Arguing the matter with yourself dispassionately, you must admit there is nothing in ubiquity to justify the feeling of hatred, and yet, unless you are a philosopher, it is next to impossible not to hate the man who, wherever you go, is there likewise; against whom you run at every turn; from whom you seem to have no escape; who is, in fact, as far as you are concerned, everywhere. It may be that the animosity is reciprocal, and that he, when you make your appearance, also mutters, "Confound that fellow, he's everywhere!" but this, of course, only strengthens the proposition that the feeling is natural, though no doubt irrational. But the most interesting problem is whether the man who is everywhere is absolutely so, or is merely linked by fate with you in particular; whether, when other people get, let us say, a special invitation card requesting the honour of their presence at the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Stoke Pogis Athenæum, they also invariably find the man who is everywhere in one of the best seats, on the best possible terms with the authorities, which is your unfailing experience of him: or is he simply a being whose walk in life is in some mysterious way connected with yours, so that where he goes you are constrained to go, and where you go, there destiny compels him to turn up? As far as the aggravation goes, it matters very little which hypothesis you adopt. Whether or not there are others who are similarly affected, it is sufficient for you that you cannot present yourself at fête or flower-show, private view or morning concert, without encountering the man who is everywhere. It is on the more private occasions that you especially resent his ubiquity. In some nook in the Bavarian highlands, perhaps, you have contracted that sort of acquaintance, which ripens so rapidly under the roof of a mountain inn, with a very pleasant man in knickerbockers, whose spécialité seems to be the political complications in Central Europe, but who, when the period for exchanging cards arrives, turns out to be Richard Tinto, R.A., an artist whose works have delighted you many a year. One result is a friendly note, when April comes round, asking you to look in at his studio to see his Academy pictures before the crush comes. You are

flattered. It is clear that you have made an impression on Tinto, since he doesn't treat you as one of the common herd, but as a judicious connoisseur, and a person whose friendship is worth cultivating. You go, and the first thing you see is the man who is everywhere sitting critically in front of the "Awakening of Barbarossa" and making a telescope of his hands. He calls Tinto "Dick." Or, say, while taking the waters at Vichy you become rather intimate with Lord Lumbago, who is also going through the course, and his lordship is kind enough to express a hope about meeting in town next season. Strange to say, you do meet, and not only that, but you go to dine at Lumbago House, not a little elated (if you will confess it to yourself) at being on such friendly terms with such a distinguished member of the peerage. But your conceit is soon checked. There, on the hearthrug, stands the man who is everywhere, flapping his handkerchief in an easy quite-at-home sort of fashion. "You know Ubique?" your host remarks, and Ubique "rather thinks you do," and the chances are that the general impression about you is that you are there as Ubique's friend. That he should be everywhere you go is bad enough, but that he should be everywhere a thousand times more at home than you are, this it is which makes him so odious. If you are a guest at one of the princely banquets of the worshipful Company of Pincushion-makers, not only is he a guest also, but he is intimate with the prime warden, and all the magnates, while you only know one common-councilman; and if you travel, not only does he contrive to be on board the same steamboat, but he knows the captain. If this is not a man to be hated, all I can say is, I know nothing about hatred considered as a natural feeling.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
THE MOOR OF MONBRAHER.

MUCH bewildered is the little dog Wallace at the first head of game he flushes on the Moor of Monbraher. Wallace is a rather obese clumber, whose sporting experiences have been hitherto confined to pheasant coverts, and the turnips of the English counties, and he has never before wagged his tail over an Irish moorland. He comes to a dead halt opposite a great bunch of withered flags rising from a black ooze of peat and water. Wallace does not know what to make of it. There is some-



thing there no doubt:—and with a heavy sigh as though waking from a gloomy dream, a man suddenly rises in the reeds and confronts the dog and his master. This figure will stand for the very genius of ague and of Monbraher. Though bent with cramp he stands six feet high in the ragged bandages which are swathed upon his legs to serve as moccasins. His face is livid, a thin hoar frost of beard fringes his jaws and lips, and his hollow eyes glitter. In his lean hand he clutches a reaping-hook, and on his back is the reward of his toil—the withies and other stuff which he gathers for fuel or for manufacture into coarse matting. Has not a poet told us of beauty born of murmuring sound passing into the face of a woman? On the countenance of the ague-stricken matmaker the desolation of this landscape has impressed its hungry gloom—its separation from the world of culture or intelligent interest—its abandonment to birds that do not sing but cry with painful querulous notes when the chill wind scatters their squadrons, or when the fowler surprises them. Wallace so far recovers himself as to bark, and then to sniff at the lean shanks of the Monbraher matmaker. "Have you seen any snipe or duck?" Yes, but 'tis late in the day to come for them. There are four or five heavy duck, he thinks, pitched two or three hundred yards, but his honour had better be quick, for Lame Carey the tailor is "stalin" down on them already. And, indeed, Wallace is fated this day to meet more than one curious product of Irish moorland existence. With stealthy jerks of a crutch, and with a long single gun in hand, approaches Lame Carey the tailor, a well-known character in this wild district. Advancing to meet Mr. Carey (who has furnished the end of his crutch with a flat piece of wood, to prevent it sinking so deep in the soil that he would be staked to it or unable to pull it out again), a parley, and an offensive alliance against the birds, are entered into with him. We agree to come at the spot indicated by the matmaker from different sides, so as to have a better chance, and the manoeuvre is not unsuccessful; one bird goes down to Mr. Carey's score and two to that of his temporary confederate. It was impossible not to admire the skill of Mr. Carey in shooting under difficulties. His gun was fastened to the stock with twine, and though furnished with a nipple, it had no lock. The manner, then, in which Mr. Carey discharged his piece of ordnance was this: He put a cap on the nipple,

took a large stone from his pocket and gave the cap a sharp blow, whereupon the gun went off. Wallace never saw any weapon similarly treated in Norfolk.

Lame Carey is an invaluable guide. He knows every inch of Monbraher. He retires from sport himself after his one shot at the duck, and begs to be invested with the bag. His performances with the crutch are astonishing. When a drain is to be crossed, he turns half round, and then swings himself by an indescribable wriggle off the ground altogether, and, making a kind of spread-eagle in the air, he is at the other side in an instant. The feat calls to mind an odd mode of transit over this very moor adopted many years ago by an athletic minister of the Church, who officiated every Sunday at a little parish on the edge of the bog. This reverend gentleman, finding the high road tedious and having a taste for muscular exercise, procured a pair of stilts after the fashion of the peasants in the Landes, and stalked to service on them. After awhile, however, he considered this system of travelling rather slow, and he substituted for the stilts a huge leaping pole, and with white tie and spectacles and a tall hat might be seen bounding like a kangaroo to church, returning home in the same manner, a distance of three or four miles. But this is a digression. Lame Carey points to a field full of dry barren grass, and says he is certain quail have settled in it. Carey is right. Wallace no sooner puts his foot on the spot than he shows evident tokens of game of some kind being about, and in a few moments a quail is added to the bag, and two others marked down. Wallace does not like snipe-shooting. He has not been brought up to the work, and is too quick and impatient; nevertheless a very fair number of snipe continue to accumulate in our collection, when upon the hill at the southern end of Monbraher—a hill most appropriately termed Mount Misery—a cloud suddenly descends, and a chiding sigh of the wind heard all over the entire moor warns us that what Mr. Carey terms a "dhrop o' rain" is approaching. The dhrop o' rain is a steady down-pour, in the midst of which we trudge for shelter to a cabin or shieling, the upper half of the door of which is open, allowing volumes of thick smoke to rush out. Lame Carey, with the usual salutation, unhasps the lintel and disturbs a group of poultry from the threshold, the fowl clattering with a tremendous pother to the rafters, the dresser, the top of the bed, and other customary roosting-places. Three women

are sitting round a huge potato pot by a bog-oak fire. Lame Carey plunges his pipe into the red ashes, and inquires if Thomasheen is any better than he wor. A shake of the head from the eldest of the women signifies that Thomasheen is very bad indeed, and rising from a wooden box that has served her for a chair, the bare-legged dame goes over to the foot of the bed where a cradle has been deposited. Covered with a dirty rug, but withal warm enough, is Thomasheen (little Thomas) himself, undergoing the ordeal of measles. His cheeks are round and plump yet, his bullet-head is covered with a thatch of golden curly hair, and it is to be hoped that Thomasheen with his dark blue Celtic eyes will weather his complaint: there is the stuff and stamina of half-a-dozen London children in him at any rate; and yet Thomasheen has been reared on the same dismal swamp of Monbraher of which our matmaker above-mentioned was a native and an illustration.

Out into the open once more with Lame Carey, we find the rain has cleared off, or rather there is no more for the present where it came from, and our route requires us for a time to take a road, or what passes for a road, through the moor. "There's sure to be some tale (teal) in there, sir," remarks Mr. Carey. "You had better let me hould the dog and creep in behind the furze." Wallace submits rather ruefully to an embrace from Lame Carey, who sits on the ground and puts his arm about his neck, puffing villanous tobacco at the same time into the nostrils of that gentle and clever dog. But Wallace is a perfect gentleman, and submits to the restraint and to the rude caress without a murmur. There is nothing to be had for the adventure, however; the teal had either departed before our arrival or had never been there, and so we must seek our quarry elsewhere. Wallace, released, skips and frisks in so friendly a style around Mr. Carey that he gazes at him with fond admiration and surmises that he is worth his weight in gold, and can do everything but "spake."

We arrive now at a more civilized district of Monbraher. A few cabbage gardens and potato fields have been reclaimed from the moor; they require to be fed with sea-weed, and the ocean odour they emit is strong. Women are at work here, with bare legs and feet and scanty petticoats, and Lame Carey has a joke or a greeting in Irish for each and all of them. They tell us the golden plover were on the ground about early in the morning, and in

fact we can see a huge stand of them in the air, but miles away, and exhibiting no sign of alighting. Farther on we meet with considerable quantities of snipe, and Wallace, with some mild—very mild—correction, begins to understand the peculiar kind of sport to which he has been introduced. He has not yet got accustomed, perhaps, to being so very wet. His master has made a vain effort to escape one of the penalties of fowling in Monbraher, by bringing with him from town the most scientifically constructed boots and leg-gings, warranted proof against damp. At the very first "gulch" into a Monbraher moss-pit the patent ever-dry boots were charged to the brim with Monbraher particular, the only advantage, if any, derived from the elaborate construction of the renowned boots being that the person in them was accompanied by sobs every step he took for the rest of the day. They retained the water admirably, and when they were removed in the evening they were proportionately as full of bilge as the carcass of the *Megara*. As for the waterproof leggings, they were also a snare and a delusion. They smelt abominably of creosote or gas, and despite the various and mysterious nastiness in which they were apparently steeped, or with which they had been annointed, they were as limp as wet brown paper at the close of the day.

Resisting Lame Carey's suggestion to remain on the edge of the moor until duck-flight, Wallace and his master prepare for a good three miles' stretch to home. The last stage of that march is by a path on a sand cliff over the sea. The grey evening dies in a dark sulk, but the night is very beautiful, with all those tender ornaments of moon and shining stars which never seem so lovely as when they glitter upon the waves of the tide. The beach is fringed with white half-phosphorescent foam, and from the tumbling surf comes a constant boom along the coast away to where the lighthouse lamp is gleaming across a reach of wet sand. A schooner in full sail passes almost within a stone's throw of the road we have now arrived at beyond the cliff; you can hear the voices of the sailors on board and the hail from the pilot boat that offers to convoy the vessels across the treacherous harbour bar on which the sea-horses are tossing their manes. If you listen you can catch the whistle of the wild duck in the sky bound for Monbraher, the calling of the curlew, the occasional croak of a heron. Wallace is weary, and rubs his head against the wet

water-proof gaiters as though to hint that dalliance with scenery at such a time is cruel to him, and so the pace is accelerated, and the welcome town twinkles at our jaded feet where Wallace shall rest for that night at least upon a soft rug.

From The Spectator.  
ENCKE'S COMET.

WITH an opera-glass—possibly with the naked eye—there can now be seen each evening towards the west one of the most remarkable Comets known to astronomers. It is not, indeed, one of those amazing objects whose appearance used of old to inspire fear among the nations; nor does it present a very striking picture when viewed with even the most powerful telescope. We have before us, as we write, a sketch of this comet taken by Dr. Huggins with the splendid telescope lately placed in his hands by the Royal Society, and this drawing presents only a faint unsymmetrical cloud slightly condensed on the side where a larger comet would have a tail. Yet not even the splendid comets of 1843, 1858, and 1861 outvie this little cloud in real interest, or convey to the thoughtful mind a more instructive lesson. For the faint nebulous gleam is the famous comet named after Encke,—the first comet ever shown to travel in a short period, and on a comparatively settled course around the orb which rules our Earth and her fellow-planets. Halley's comet had long before been proved to be a member of the Sun's family; but the course on which it travels is unplanetary to a very high degree; it passes from little more than one-half the earth's distance from the sun into those far-distant depths where Neptune pursues his dismal career; it ranges far away from that general level near which the planets travel; and it pursues its course, not as the planets do, from west to east, but from east to west. So that though Halley's comet belongs to the sun's family, he is but an unruly member of it. Encke's comet, on the other hand, is little less staid than some of the planets belonging to that strange ring which circles between the paths of Mars and Jupiter. It travels the right way round the sun, and in its widest excursion keeps far within the path of giant Jupiter, while the slope or tilt of its path is even less than that of some planetary orbits. Its very aspect suggests the settled nature of this comet, for though it changes visibly

in shape as it approaches the sun, and has even been detected on one or two occasions attempting, as it would seem, to throw out a tail, yet these efforts have never resulted in any marked success. Halley's comet, on the other hand, has behaved most strangely in this respect. On most of the occasions when it has been in our neighbourhood it has had a magnificent tail; but Sir John Herschel tells us that the fine new tail which it threw out in the autumn of 1835 had disappeared on January 21, 1836, taking the head (all but the nucleus) along with it; and this when the comet was just in that part of its course where one would have expected to see the tail most fully developed. Then it swelled out so rapidly that in seventeen days its bulk had increased more than seventy-fold, and as the comet passed away towards the cold regions it had come from it changed in shape "as if it intended to develop a new tail."

Encke's comet is remarkable, then, among comets because, unlike most comets, it varies little in aspect, and moves on a course little distinguished from the paths of the planets. But there is much else to attract us to the study of this little body. We speak of it, indeed, as little; but perhaps this description will be thought inexact, when we mention that the comet sometimes occupies a much larger space than this earth. It is little, however, as respects its mass or weight; for it has been known to approach very close to Mercury, the least of all the planets; and though Mercury swayed the comet notably from its track, the comet in no sensible way disturbed Mercury. It is far from being beyond belief,—on the contrary, it is highly probable,—that if the whole mass of this object could be collected into a convenient bulk and placed upon the earth, a man of average strength could readily lift it. Nay, there are those who think that the whole mass of many far larger comets would scarcely fill a wine-glass, if compressed to the density of water. Be this as it may, there can be little question that Encke's comet is "a mere bunch of vapours," to use the words applied by Sir John Herschel to another comet.

It is worthy of notice, in the next place, that this comet was detected several times before its real nature was recognized. Méchain detected it on January 17, 1786, and was not a little gratified to find that he had anticipated Messier, the most laborious comet-seeker of those days. It may have been on this very occasion,

indeed, that Messier, as the story runs, missed a new comet through the interruption caused by his wife's fatal illness, — a circumstance which led him some time after to mistake condolences addressed to him as a widower, and to inveigh against the unhappy chance which had enabled another "to discover one of his comets." *His comets!* On the next occasion, November 7, 1795, this comet was discovered by a lady, no other than Miss Caroline Herschel, sister of the greatest astronomer the world has known. Thulis, of Marseilles, saw the comet again in October, 1805. It was not until November, 1818, that the last discovery (properly so-called) took place. For then the comet's path was determined, and at every return since then astronomers have known precisely when and where the comet would come into view. They are as confident, almost, respecting its periodical return (three times in ten years) as about the motions of Mars or Mercury; and they would even be quite as confident, but for a contingency to which the planets are fortunately not exposed. It happened a few years since that a comet of much the same nature as Encke's, and supposed like it to be a settled member of the Solar family, divided itself into two distinct comets; nor did its vagaries end with this achievement, for though the double comet came back yet once again along the assigned track, it has never since been seen, so that some astronomers suppose that it has divided into parts too small to be separately discerned.

Encke's comet, however, must not suffer in reputation because a brother comet has been thus dissipated. Astronomers have seen no signs either in the motions or in the changes of appearance of the comet, which would lead them to entertain any doubts respecting its remaining for many centuries a member of the Solar family. One peculiarity, however, its motions manifest, which suggests the conclusion that at no indefinitely distant epoch it will be destroyed by the Sun himself. It is circling in a continually diminishing orbit, and always in a shorter period. At the time of its first discovery it accomplished the circuit of its path in about 1,213 days (taking one circuit with another); at present its period is rather less than 1,210 days. It is the generally received opinion (though Sir J. Herschel suggested another explanation, that this constant hastening — which implies a constant tendency in the comet's path to draw nearer towards the sun, is due to the resistance of some very rare

medium, through which the solid planets pass without appreciable check. If so (and it is difficult to resist the conclusion) the comet is doomed to destruction. The nearer its path draws to the sun the greater the resistance which the comet will experience, — as well because the interplanetary atmosphere must be denser near the sun than elsewhere, as because the comet's motion must grow continually more rapid. This last circumstance, indeed, will seem to many a strange result of the resistance experienced by the comet, but it is none the less certain that such a result must follow. The time will at length come, then, when this comet at each return to the sun will graze his mighty orb, giving up gradually more and more of its substance, until finally it is completely absorbed by him, and so vanishes for ever from the planetary system.

It remains only to be noticed that Dr. Huggins has already succeeded in testing the light of this comet with the spectroscope. Like those few of its fellows which have been similarly examined, it consists in the main of self-luminous vapour, — or at least (for one must not be too positive about these abnormal bodies) it shines with light having the same qualities under spectroscopic analysis as the light of glowing gases. It seems to be, as we have already said for another reason, a "mere bunch of vapours."

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From The Spectator.

#### SIMPLICITY OR SPLENDOUR?

PRINCE BISMARCK has just delivered to the German Parliament a long and very amusing sermon upon a text which is always of interest to Englishmen, and is just now the subject in all our great cities of very warm debate, — does the visible splendour of an office tend to increase its power? Prince Bismarck says it does, that an Ambassador, for example who can keep up a great appearance, live in an imposing hotel, and entertain royally, will create a greater impression of the power of the State which accredits him than a poorly-paid man who must live quietly, and avoid striking the multitude by personal display. Of course, said the Prince, who knows men and things in many countries, educated persons are not moved by such shows; but the multitudes are, Germany, for example, looming greater in their eyes when represented by a great Ambassador with £6,000 a year than when represented

by a quiet little Envoy with only £4,000. Lord Palmerston held the same idea, and once told Mr. Cobden and a Committee of the House of Commons that a Minister of State whose front door was opened by a housemaid might be a most excellent Minister but would soon lose a portion of public respect. Mr. Cobden retorted that American Envoys had very much their own way, in spite of their poor allowances; but Lord Palmerston would only admit that the Union was a sort of *enfant terrible* among States, and not expected to do things exactly like other people. Mr. Gladstone expressed the same sentiment when defending the Royal appanages, and the whole House of Lords endorsed it recently when discussing the Judges' pay. Napoleon I. was strongly in favour of splendour, occasionally sending distinct reminders to his Marshals and great officials that they were not spending enough, and Mr. Disraeli has over and over again recorded the same opinion in his books. Sustained stateliness of life, he thinks or says, excites popular reverence for the great nobles, a notion which was the key-note to the personal policy of Louis XIV. So widely, moreover, is it entertained in England that it affects much of our political organization, being one of the strongest pleas put forward, by ourselves among others, for large allowances to the Throne, and an argument constantly heard in favour of the salaries of the Bishops. They must not, it is frankly said, go about like Dissenting ministers, or even Catholic Archbishops, or nobody will respect them. It is assumed that the people like splendour, or at all events are impressed by it, and that the awe thus produced is an easy substitute for the additional power with which it might otherwise be needful to clothe the great officials. A Czar may live simply, it is said, but a Constitutional Sovereign should maintain a certain grandeur of ceremonial; a Catholic Bishop may walk, because he can excommunicate, but a Protestant Bishop, who can only advise, requires the artificial aid of a visible rank. One even hears in society that such and such a statesman does not do enough, and would be indefinitely more powerful if any body would leave him a quarter or half a million, and in one instance a party paper actually scolded the Premier for not inhabiting a house big enough to hold the Liberal party in the House of Commons.

We wonder if this idea, so very general and so constantly acted on in England, is true,—if Bismarck is right, or Frederic, who held that men revered only power,

and that an Envoy controlling 100,000 men in a shabby surtout would be more respected than an Envoy controlling half that number in a coat covered with gold and lace. Most people in England, we know, agree with the German Chancellor, and especially those who for themselves prefer simplicity, but think that what they prefer their inferiors in æsthetical knowledge are pretty sure to dislike. The evidence, however, is not by any means so clear as they imagine, much of it seeming to show that while the crowd is slightly awed by splendour, it also resents its own awe, and dislikes the office which demands from it such an annoying emotion. This is undoubtedly true of the English Episcopacy, which would be twice as powerful with the populace if the Bishops had moderate incomes and no peerages, and thrice as powerful with the clergy, but we must admit that on this point a disturbing thought intrudes. The secret idea of all Christians, an idea very seldom acted on, is that wealth is a snare, grandeur a delusion, and rank a temptation to worldliness, and as, by an unreasonable but universal prejudice, Bishops are required to be more Christian than other men, their pomp excites an additional and artificial odium. But even in secular offices we are not quite sure of the soundness of the popular opinion, suspect that the mass of the people despise and resent splendour, and especially unusual splendour, more than they respect it. What else but this feeling—call it envy, jealousy, simplicity, what you will—has banished splendour of dress so entirely from men's society and from the streets of our cities? Costliness of dress has not disappeared, but only splendour, only that form of costliness which the uneducated eye can perceive. Wherever external stateliness has become a habit, a break in that habit of course creates remark, and even a feeling of annoyance; but it is odd, if the love of splendour be real or deeply-rooted, that we do not carry it abroad with us, Colonial dignitaries being just like other men, and Indian dignitaries, the Viceroy excepted, less splendid than English squires of the second grade. The Americans are very like Englishmen, with different traditions, and as a people they dislike and deprecate splendour, prefer not to elect rich men, and gave Mr. Lincoln his majority in part because he was a rail-splitter, and therefore closer to their sympathies in matters of daily life. Any innovation in the easy ways of the White House is acutely resented, and President Pierce fell twenty degrees in



popular reverence when the Radical journals announced that he had put his coachman and grooms into a handsome livery. An English crowd distinctly dislikes the appearance of well-to-doishness, and if in a good-tempered mood enjoys tearing a broad-cloth coat off a decent man's back nearly as much as thrashing a policeman into hospital. It is all envy? Never mind what it is, though we doubt that, the point not being the explanation of the feeling, but the existence or non-existence of the feeling itself. The difficulty in a country like this, where the necessity of splendour has been preached so long, and has been so acceptable a doctrine to the middle-class, is to test the question by illustrations, but there are a few. We should say, as a matter of fact, that a County-Court Judge often succeeds in maintaining better discipline in his rough Court than a Red Judge does in his higher tribunal, and that in London a stipendiary magistrate with £1,200 a year is distinctly more feared in his Court than the Lord Mayor, who has just as much power and ten times as much magnificence. We should say, also, that no official under the Crown is so abjectly revered within the sphere of his authority as the Post Captain in command of a big ship, though he is the worst paid of all men in the Queen's service, is usually very poor, and maintains no splendour, except such as is implied in the traditional severity and minuteness of naval etiquette. Foremen in a yard are very strictly obeyed, though they stand so close to the men; and so when on duty are all classes of American officials, the testimony of all travellers being that the Americans bear too much from people who are exactly like themselves. That there would be dangers and disadvantages of another kind in any attempt at Republican simplicity we do not deny, fearing always that power unless paid will transmute itself into money; but that simplicity would diminish the public reverence is a very important proposition, which we cannot consider yet proved. It might diminish it, but there is wonderfully little evidence beyond a vague impression that it would.

We said just now that we doubted if envy was the first cause of the dislike to splendour sometimes manifested among English-speaking men, and we do doubt, for we believe it to proceed much more from a rough and oppressive kind of realism, a desire to get at the man himself, and impatience of so many surroundings. If there is no feeling of this kind, why do

we, as a nation, express at all times such a theoretic admiration of simplicity? There is no social coercion upon us in that respect, as there is upon several other points. No journal will lose a subscriber because it preaches up magnificence even as a duty, and no orator would lose a vote if he expressed about simplicity the opinion which Mr. Bass expressed about teetotalism. It cannot be all hypocrisy; there must be some sort of cause for so universal a tone, and we believe we have indicated what it is. If so, the plain man in the ugly black coat who can govern England and is invested with authority to do it, will be as much respected by the crowd as any dignitary whose footmen outshine the lilies of the field.

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From The Saturday Review.  
THE OPENING OF THE SWISS FEDERAL ASSEMBLY.

IN speaking of Swiss matters, whether political or antiquarian, we have always to renew our old complaint that Englishmen as a rule wilfully shut their eyes to them. No country is more visited by Englishmen than Switzerland; no country is richer in political phenomena than that where the oldest and the newest forms of political life may be seen working side by side. Yet most Englishmen seem to be rather proud of knowing every peak and pass in the country, while they think it below them to ask a single question about what is going on among the men of the country. We found a curious proof of this the other day. We stumbled on a number or two of a paper called the *Swiss Times*, published at Geneva, seemingly for the benefit of English visitors. The Swiss Federal Assembly had just met for what cannot fail to prove its most important Session since the establishment of the present Federal Constitution in 1848. But to such a matter as this the *Swiss Times*, a paper published in the country, did not devote a single line. Now we can hardly fancy that a French or German paper published in England would take no notice whatever of the beginning of a new Session of Parliament, especially if the Session were likely to be occupied by a Reform Bill. In no part of Europe is there busier political life than in Switzerland, in no part is there more diligent historical research. But the mass of Englishmen agree to pass by both, as if the land contained only mountains and were barren of men.

To the ordinary English tourist we presume that it never occurs that there are such beings as Swiss statesmen and scholars. But Swiss statesmen and scholars there are in abundance, and it certainly does not raise Englishmen in their eyes to find a land which is truly the schoolroom of Europe looked upon only as its playground.

The two Councils which form the Swiss Federal Assembly, the *Ständerath* or Council of the States (answering to the American Senate) and the *Nationalrath* (answering to the American House of Representatives) are now assembled to discuss the great question of a reform in the Federal Constitution. Such a reform has to be made by a vote of the two Councils, further confirmed by a twofold vote of the people — a real *plebiscitum* as distinguished from the Bonapartist sham — voting both as a nation and in their Cantons. Schemes for a reform in the Constitution have been afloat for several years, and in 1866 several amendments actually passed the Councils; but all were rejected by the popular vote, except one which extended political rights to the Jews. The Assembly has at this moment before it three sets of proposals, from Committees of the two branches of the Assembly itself and also from the Executive Government, at the *Bundesrath* or Federal Council. Besides these, there are the various proposals of individual members, and the demands or petitions made at various public meetings in different parts of the country. The newspapers of which every part of Switzerland is so full naturally have their say also, and pamphlets have appeared, some of them from writers whose names command attention, at all events within the bounds of the Confederation. There is one from the pen of the famous James Fazy of Geneva, who has lately been returned to the *Ständerath* as a representative of his own Canton, while another, though anonymous, is universally ascribed to the veteran Federal Councillor, Dubs. Altogether there is no lack of political stir in the land just at this time when tourists most likely think that Switzerland, like some of her own animals, goes altogether into a state of winter sleep. The traveller on the other hand who has had the good luck to be present at the opening of the Federal Assembly, and to have the privilege of conversing with men of political experience in the country, will look at things in another light.

We hope, as the discussion goes on and shows some signs of the way in which mat-

ters are likely to be settled, to go a little more fully into some of the points in debate. At present we purpose only to point out in a very general way the nature of some of the questions which are now occupying the public mind of the Confederation, and to put on record the impressions of an English political student on the appearance and ways of going on of the Assembly itself.

It is to be supposed that the most ordinary visitor to Bern has seen the outside of the *Bundesplatz*, the seat of the Federal Government and of the Federal Assembly. It is of course quite possible that he may not have asked its object; or perhaps the use of the word *Platz* or *Palais* may have misled him. Chief Justice Whiteside who believed Switzerland to be "a confederation of small kingdoms," no doubt set the building down as the dwelling-place of the King of Bern. Still, as its immediate neighbourhood commands one of the finest views of the Bernese mountains, every one must have seen the building itself. Some — though we believe that it is contrary to rule to think of such matters in Switzerland — may even have given a thought to its peculiar architecture, neither Gothic nor Palladian, but Italian in the better sense, Pisan Lucchese, whatever we choose to call it. Of that building the middle portion is occupied by the various offices of the Federal Government, where the President and other members of the Federal Council discharge the functions of the Executive Government with the smallest possible amount of external parade. The traveller who has an ordinary introduction may go and knock at the official door of a Swiss Minister of State with as little ceremony as if he were knocking at the door of a friend in college rooms. The two wings are set apart for the meeting of the two Chambers of the Federal Assembly, the *Nationalrath* on the right, and the *Ständerath* on the left. The important Session which is now going on was opened by both Chambers on Monday, November 6, and the proceedings in both branches of the Legislature were of a kind to be deeply interesting to any observant Englishmen, if only on account of their utter contrast to the manners and customs of both Houses of his own Parliament. We were a little amused on making this remark to a passing traveller, who made the ready answer, "I suppose the republicans are much more free and easy than we are." On the other hand, what most strikes an English spectator is the extreme and almost prudish decorum with which the

republicans carry on the work of legislation. As we heard an eminent Swiss statesman remark "It is like being in church." To be sure the Presidential office in either Council altogether lacks those outward appurtenances of dignity which surround an English Speaker or Lord Chancellor with such a mysterious greatness. Switzerland stands in no fear of any Cromwell or Bonaparte rising within her own bosom; but at all events, if any usurper should ever arise to tell either House of the Federal Assembly that the Lord hath done with them, he could at least not add the command to take away any baubles. No mace lies either above or below the table, indeed no table in the English sense can be said to be there at all. No flowing robes, no massive periwig, mark off the President of either Council from his brethren. Still less need we look for the presence of the elders of either of the two great religious communions which divide the Confederation, though the contrast of Catholic and Protestant ecclesiastics in their several official costumes might be even more striking than our own spectacle of an array of rochets and chimeres among a body of gentlemen in ordinary dress. But, on the other hand, there is something to be said for the republican Assembly even in point of outward dignity. Neither of the Swiss Councils presents the sight of a number of gentlemen with their hats on, lolling easily on benches, and chatting familiarly with each other while the affairs of the nation are debating. First of all, each House has ample room for the members of each, not only in the smaller Assembly of the *Ständerath*, but in the far larger body of the *Nationalrath*. Every member has his own place, his own arm-chair and desk, the seats ranging like those of a theatre round the places of the President and other official personages. In the *Nationalrath* the President is supported on either hand by his Vice-President and by the Chancellor of the Confederation, the veteran Herr Schiess. Beyond the Chancellor sits the official translator, whose business it is, in a trilingual Assembly, to render the official utterances made in one tongue into the tongues understood of other members. In front of these officers, and in face of the House in general, is the table occupied by the four official tellers, members of the House formally chosen for that purpose, who discharge the functions which among ourselves fall to the lot of personal zeal or of unrecognized office. The rest of the House is filled by the chairs of the mem-

bers, occupied without any distinction of Canton or party. A Conservative speech may be answered by a Radical member sitting close by; and, what strikes an Englishman still more, a German speech may be answered by a speech in French, or *vice versa*. Italian, as the tongue of the Canton of Ticino, is equally recognized by the laws of the Confederation; but it is naturally in the two great tongues of the country, the German speech of the old Confederates and the Romance of the newer Burgundian Cantons, that the debates are almost wholly carried on. The speeches are short, lively, and, as far as we could judge, commonly to the point, the French speakers, as a rule, using, as might be looked for, more of animated gesture than the Germans. But what amazes an insular visitor more than all is that the speeches are always received without any expressions of feeling one way or another. No one cheers; still less does any one cry "Oh, oh." Either practice is, in Swiss etiquette, looked on as unparliamentary. We suspect indeed that in Switzerland, as well as in England and America, members do now and then speak to Buncombe, or, as we should perhaps rather say, to Gersau or Zollikofen. Certainly some members clearly commanded the ear of the House far more fully than others. Still even those who were most likely speaking to distant constituents met with no kind of interruption. Instead of the buzz of talk which greets the oratory of such men among ourselves, the only sign of inattention was that the other members betook themselves to their desks and read or wrote like Cato the Younger. Only a few speeches were read, but among them was the opening speech of the President of the *Ständerath*. The Swiss Constitution gives no opportunity for either a King's Speech or a President's Message. The proceedings of each Council are therefore opened by an address from its own chosen President, who sets before the House the circumstances under which the Session begins, and the nature of the measures which are likely to be brought forward. We may add that the public is freely admitted to the galleries—the "tribunes"—of both Houses. As far as we have seen, the attendance was moderate, neither disappointingly thin or unpleasantly crowded, and the behaviour of those who looked on from above was as orderly as that of the legislators themselves below. Where the members themselves do not venture to express their own likes and dislikes, it would need

uncommon hardihood in the general public to do so.

And now for a very slight account of some of the questions which are brought, or are likely to be brought, before what can hardly fail to prove this memorable Assembly. The tendencies of Swiss politics just now look towards the more direct exercise of political power by the people at large, and towards the further transfer of power from the Cantons to the Confederation at large. The first tendency, it will be seen, has no connection with the Federal nature of the Swiss Constitution; it might arise under any Government of a popular kind. The other class of questions could of course arise only in a Federal State. The strong Conservative feeling of several of the Cantons—among them, be it observed, some of those whose Constitution is most purely democratic—their tenacious clinging to old, possibly antiquated, institutions and usages, seems to have driven the advanced Liberal party in Switzerland into a position distinctly hostile to the principle of State sovereignty. One is almost appalled when one reads of a large meeting, in which several members of the Cantonal Government of Zürich took a part, in which resolutions were passed in favour of the abolition of the *Ständerath* and of the popular vote of the Cantons in constitutional amendments. This really comes very near to a change of the Confederation into a consolidated State. It would take away from Cantons as Cantons any voice in Federal legislation, and would make everything depend on a numerical majority in the *Nationalrath* and in the nation. Such an extreme measure as this is hardly likely to be adopted, but there are points in which a strengthening of a Federal power, or at all events a settling by Federal legislation of some points which are now within the competence of the Cantons, is earnestly called for, and we may add is decidedly needed. Some change must be made in the law of *Niederlassung* or *Établissement*,

some change which may get rid of the trammels by which, in several Cantons, a citizen of another Canton is dealt with in purely local matters as if he were a foreigner. And it may be hoped that some measures may be taken for extending the powers of the supreme Federal Court. Nothing in the Swiss system seems more strange to a spectator of any other nation than the custom by which appeals from the Cantonal authorities, appeals in many cases of a purely judicial kind, are carried not to the Federal Court, but to the Federal Council—that is, to the Executive Government—and from thence, by a further appeal, to the Federal Assembly, that is, to the two Houses of Parliament.

Both on these subjects, and also on the great constitutional change by which it is proposed to give to the people the same voice in ordinary Federal legislation which they now possess only in the case of a constitutional amendment, we hope to speak more at large when the time is come to say something as to the results of the Session. As far as we can see, the *Veto* and the *Referendum*, the proposed reference, either as a matter of course or in certain specified cases, of all Federal legislation, including even treaties with foreign countries, to a popular vote of *Yea* or *Nay*, is not greatly dreaded by men who have experience in Swiss politics. It may degenerate into a burdensome or empty formality, it may now and then hinder the passing of a good measure, but it cannot do any active mischief. On the other hand, the *Volksinitiative* by which the Legislature may be constrained by pressure from without to action on a particular point, seems to be looked on as really dangerous. For our own part we shrink from either proposal, as a distinct appeal from the better instructed to the less. We can hardly bring ourselves to believe that the mass of any nation can be fit to be trusted with such a direct exercise of power. But most certainly, if any nation can be so trusted, it is the Swiss who can.

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FERDINAND HILLER has recently published some interesting sketches and reminiscences of Beethoven. They are the more welcome as coming from the hand of one of the very few who were permitted to see the great man on his death-bed and record his last words. In March, 1827, tidings of Beethoven's serious illness came to Weimar, where Hiller was studying music

under Hummel. Master and pupil started for Vienna. The keen frosty air, the excitement of sledging, and the genial companionship, seem to have made the youth forget the troublesome thoughts which probably crossed the mind of the elder pilgrim. Hummel, on his arrival at Vienna, found his worst fears realized—Beethoven was suffering from the dropsy. The trav-

ellers were surprised on the occasion of their first visit at finding him comfortably seated by the fireside in his study. After cordially greeting Hummel, and saying a few kind words to Hiller, Beethoven inquired eagerly for Goethe, but the conversation necessarily halted occasionally, for visitors had to write in pencil all their answers, and the process was tedious. "I have been in this state for four months," he exclaimed; "I shall lose all patience!" Passing from the subject of his own health, he inveighed bitterly against the prevailing bad taste in art matters, and the "dilettantism which is the ruin of everything in Vienna." The Government and high authorities then had their turn. "Write a set of penitential psalms and dedicate it to the Empress," he said to Hummel, who wisely discarded the well-meant advice. He then talked familiarly about his nephew, remarking "they hang the small thieves, but the big ones are allowed to go scot-free." The popularity of the Italian opera in Vienna annoyed him. "They say, 'Vox Populi, vox Dei.' I never did believe in that saying." The second was a sadder visit. Beethoven was in bed, groaning with pain. His lonely life and sense of desolation contrasted sadly with that of his friend Hummel, who had been recently married. "You are a happy man," he said; "you have a wife who loves you, who takes care of you, but I, poor wretch—" and he sighed deeply. He then showed them a picture, lately presented to him, of the house in which Haydon was born. "It has made me as happy as a child to see the birthplace and cradle of so great a man!" He talked to Hummel about Schindler. "He is an excellent fellow, who took a great deal of trouble on my account. I have promised to help him in his concert, which will be given shortly. But nothing will come of that. Now, I wish you would do me the favour to play in that concert." Hummel promised he would, and was faithful to his promise. On the occasion of the third visit little passed that was worth recording. Beethoven's bodily powers were failing rapidly. He talked with gratitude of the kindness of our Philharmonic Society, which had forwarded him a present of a hundred pounds, but it was a great effort to talk at all. "I will write a grand overture, and a grand symphony for them," he said, acknowledging his obligation. Hiller saw the dying man for the last time on the 23rd of March, 1827; not a word escaped his lips, but he looked lovingly on those who soothed and sustained him in his last hours. He died two days afterwards.

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SOME extracts from the diary of M. d'Ideville, who was the French chargé d'affaires at Turin when Cavour was Minister, have been published by the *Journal de Paris*. Among them is an amusing account of an interview which took place between Cavour and Prince Lstour d'Au-

vergne, the French Ambassador, in January, 1860. The Prince had instructions to read to Cavour a despatch from Count Walewski, in which the Italian Government is plainly threatened with the displeasure of the Cabinet of the Tuileries in case it should continue to encourage the annexationist agitation in the Duchies and Central Italy. The despatch stated that any attempts to annex those territories would be regarded as a breach of treaties, and that if the King, disregarding the warnings of the Imperial Cabinet, should place his throne in danger by such an adventurous policy, he would be left to his fate. Cavour listened attentively to the reading of this despatch, leaning his head on his hand and saying not a word. When the Prince had finished, and added a few confirmatory remarks of his own, Cavour rejoined, "Yes, yes, mon cher Prince, you are right; what M. de Walewski writes is not calculated to encourage us; this is, indeed, a sharp reprimand. But," he proceeded, a gleam of satirical glee playing across his face, "what will you say when I read you a letter which has come to me direct from the Tuileries from a personage whom you also know?" Upon this he took out of his pocket a letter of the same date as Walewski's despatch, in which M. Moegard confidentially informed him, by order of the Emperor, that the projects of annexation were by no means unfavourably regarded in Paris, and that he (Cavour) need not trouble himself about any complications resulting from them. Prince Lstour was of course dumbfounded; he could only bow, and folding up Count Walewski's despatch, he hurried back to the embassy.

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TERMINATION OF THE NERVES IN THE CORNEA. — Dr. E. Klein gives, in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* for October, a description of an excellent method of preparing the cornea in various animals in such a manner as to render the very finest branches of the nerves perceptible. It consists essentially in staining the fresh tissue with a very weak solution of chloride of gold, then immersing it in a concentrated solution of tartaric acid, and finally carefully washing it. By this means the nerves appear dark upon a lighter ground; but considerable illuminating power is required. He shows the mode of branching of the larger trunks, and how, when they reach the deep surface of the epithelium, extremely fine filaments enter the epithelial layer, the communications between which form in the first place a *deep* intra-epithelial plexus, whilst from this still finer branches ascend between the cells and form a *superficial* intra-epithelial network, which is separated from the surface at most by only one or two flattened cells. The terminal knobs or bulbs of Cohnheim he considers to be intercalated swelling in the course of the nerves, and by no means to represent their terminations.



